

The Advocate

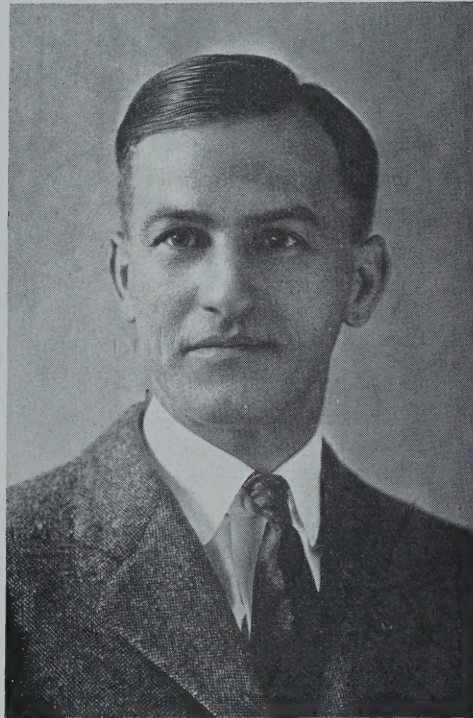
Commencement Number

1923

This Publication of
"The Advocate"
is respectfully dedicated to
Mr. Fred L. Frost
Sub-Master and Instructor
and the man who has loyally promoted
Needham Athletics
to the point they have attained

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MR. FRED L. FROST

Ode to Alma Mater

By DOROTHEA C. ASHTON, '23

As the frail ships of destiny
Drift thru the isles of time,
We launch upon our journey
'Neath thy guidance, true and kind.

If tossed on troubled waters
Safely guided from the rocks
Souls of the sons and daughters
Thou wilt ever save from shocks.

Thru channels of devotion
To Truth's calm and lovely shore.
We will cross Life's mighty ocean
Safely sheltered evermore.

To thee, dear Alma Mater,
Our songs we long shall raise,
Years which are coming later
Shall echo with thy praise.

These ships that you have started
Will come surely on thru strife
In a fleet no longer parted
Safe into Eternal Life.

The Advocate

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Editorials

The Middle Way

I seek — I seek the middle way. Where can I find it — a road neither too high nor too low, habits neither too exacting nor too slack, a life neither too saintly nor too devilish? Some people say it is omnipresent and that most of us travel upon it. There are no saints on earth and there are few who cannot be classed as travelers of the middle way — the way which is neither too steep nor too base. It is the broad well-worn way.

Yet I have failed to find it. I can, moreover, find nothing in the least suggestive of it. It is impossible! How can one expect to find a way of ease, of pleasant coasting unless he goes downhill? Who was ever able to coast uphill? Any easy road leads to the Valley of Fatality. There is but one road lower than the highest. We are all traveling on one or the other of these two roads. And, happily, I see many climbers on the upper road. This road is the way of upright aspirations.

Of course there are ruts in it and some travelers are impeded. Of course there are curves and one cannot see the peak. Of course there are hollows and valleys. No road can keep on the ridge all the way, and so some people lose hope for a while. Yet I find many travelers. Any man who can honestly say to himself as well to the world, "I am earnestly trying to do what I think is right," is on this road.

But the road has many advantages, even along the way. The more generous view across the plain of humanity, the cleaner air, the clearer and more wholesome atmosphere, the enrichment of the mind and thought, the deeper sense of security are all enjoyments gladly reaped.

No, the impossible middle way does not exist, but the upper way is soon accessible to every earnest aspirant.

H. S. L., '23

How to Boom the School Paper

The Advocate ought to be, in every way, a "school paper." The responsibility does not rest alone upon the editorial staff but upon each and every one of you. You should, therefore, take an active interest in its welfare and do your best to help it along.

There are many different ways in which you can boom your school paper. First, by writing. Some are better fitted to write for one department than for another, but all are equally important to the magazine as a whole. One of the most important departments is the humor department. This especially needs your support. If you hear something funny in class, don't keep it to yourself! Jot it down for **The Advocate**, and let us all laugh. Incidentally you will be making **The Advocate** more popular.

You can also help to increase the circulation of the paper by telling all of your friends about it and stimulating their interest. When you meet a friend on the street, say to him, "Have you read the latest issue of the high school paper? No? Well, it's simply great, let me tell you! I nearly choked laughing over some of those jokes! You ought to read it." And he will go off feeling as if he had missed something worth while, and, more than likely, he will stop in at the next drug store and buy a copy. Don't hesitate to say how much you enjoyed the paper. A little well-earned praise goes a long way in the right direction, and the praise which the editor of **The Advocate** receives is certainly well earned.

Don't you be one of the people who go around "knocking" the paper, but don't care enough about its success to even contribute or subscribe to it. You will find that the people who contribute to **The Advocate** don't usually criticise it. It may seem strange, but it is human nature. If you know some one who likes to find fault with

the school paper, ask him why he doesn't write his complaint in the form of an editorial and submit it, instead.

R. M. K., '24

Four Types of Students and Why

All students in any high school may be divided into four classes or types. The first type we might call the "grind"; the second and third, the high medium and the low medium; and the last type, the indolent.

The first type is made up of students who think only of marks, and usually manage to receive the highest marks. The grind is sometimes laughed at by various members of the indolent class because of his lack of interest in athletics, but if the grind chooses to carry off the honors in his studies rather than in athletics, I do not think he is to be laughed at.

The second type is composed of students who are considered bright, who do the proper amount of studying every day, and who always pass with good marks in all subjects.

The third class, which is closely related to the second, contains students who are generally considered bright, but for various reasons do not do the required work, and so just manage to keep their heads above water. This type also includes the class of students who are not considered especially brilliant, but who do their studying most of the time. Once in a while a student of the third class will flunk a subject, but he makes it up before the end of the year and passes the year's work.

The last type is composed of students who do not seem to care whether they pass or not. They flunk two or three subjects each time and drift along aimlessly, taking five or six years to finish a high school course.

Of the three classes, the low medium has the most members with the high medium a close second. Next in number comes the indolent, and then the grind.

E. W. G., '24

The Honor System

The Honor System! An old subject? True. But, notwithstanding, an important subject and one that has been or is being thoroughly pondered by every school and college. It has been adopted by a large proportion of the colleges and it is coming more and more into favor with the high schools of the country.

The basic principle of the honor system is just this: Can the young people of today be trusted? The instinctive reply is, "Of course." And the more thoughtful answer follows, "Yes, especially in matters which involve the principle of Honor."

And by its name one realizes that honor is *THE* factor which is involved. High school and college students are expected to be and are, almost without exception, honest when taking an examination. Yet, sometimes under the old system, even with an instructor or a monitor in charge of the examination room, there have been students who were not quite scrupulous and who considered it "rather good fun" to "get ahead of" the monitor. With them it was not a matter of personal honor, but rather, it was considered a "clever" bit of work. On the other hand, under the Honor System it is not a question of "putting it over" on the teacher but of keeping one's own reputation spotless.

Of course, while a student is directly responsible only for himself it is requested that any student who departs in any way from a strict code of honor be reported by his fellow students. However, I believe occasions for such reports are rare.

So we come finally to the benefits of the Honor System. Of these, the outstanding ones are the strengthening of the moral caliber of the student and the feeling of responsibility for something of importance which the system instills.

Since this plan has been tried in so many places and has been found to strengthen the moral fiber of so many students, why could

it not be introduced in our own school? Why could not Needham High School adopt and successfully carry out the "Honor System?"

D. B., '24

Vocational Training

Vocational training is the experiment of today, the accepted system of education tomorrow. It is the combination of instruction, both academic and occupational. It will be the solution of the unemployment problems of the future. The chief trouble with this great educational system of ours is that it fails to produce results. It contains too much theory and not enough actual practice. His cultural knowledge gives the student an exalted opinion of his own importance. He thoroughly believes he has but to offer his services to an employer to be instantly snapped up and presented with a position of importance. Full of assurance he is thrust upon an unsuspecting world ready to conquer provided that — the vanquishing process does not involve too much work. In school he never really learned how to work and so he is just the least bit diffident about making the attempt. He knows so much and yet so little that is of real value in helping him to succeed. Vocational training is supplying his need by teaching trades through actual practice under similar conditions to those found in the industrial world.

F. K., '23

Fear

I mention fear as my subject. I would deal rather with the effects of fear. But first let us understand what fear is. It is an intangible something that to a certain extent pervades the life of every individual. It is an emotion which is an outgrowth of the subconscious mind. It is a reactionary feeling not a primary. It is a feeling of apprehension or a foreboding of evil.

There are, however, two kinds of fear: a so-called righteous fear; and a mere aversion. The first is something laudable in a man's character. If he did not have a certain fear, as mayhap of the Infinite One, which was apparent at some crucial moment, he would indeed be a rare individual; so this is altogether meet and proper. But other fear is more or less avoidable. It is a child of imagination. It is often based on false premises, and many times false conclusions are reached. But the effect of fear is far more serious than the malady itself. It leads to distortion of the mind, of the body, of the very soul. It may often lead to unjustifiable measures to thwart and avert the cause. It causes unnecessary agitation and brings about many mishaps, misfortunes, and accidents, physical and otherwise. People have been estranged by fear, it may be by the very fear that they would become so.

If fear produces such dire effects, it should be shunned; it should be shut from our lives. But this is more easily prescribed than done. However, a bit of clear, logical thinking is a great help. Yet one thought should help all men at any time: the word that so helped the hero of "A Tale of Two Cities," Charles Darnay, even the words of our Master, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Or as Matthew wrote the words, "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

H. S. L., '23

A college boy got a job at a lumber camp. At the end of an hour the regular worker regarded his partner with wearying eyes.

"Sonny," he said, "I don't mind you riding on the saw, but if it's all the same to you, I wish you wouldn't scrape your feet on the ground."



Literature

Politics vs. Love

By MARGARET DONALD, '23

"And so thou hast let the matter drop. For shame, Brother Peter. Hast thou forgotten, 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady?' Mayhap thou canst reason with her. Thou knowest a woman's mind is—"

"Please, Althea, don't! 'Tis of no use. Thou knowest what she is when her mind's set! 'Twere better and far easier I'd try removing Gibraltar to our New England coast. Her mind—"

"—Is easily changed, I'll warrant. Hast thou reasoned out her aloofness? She may be of the opinion 'tis that in her which increases thy passion. Well, we'll discuss it no more, but don't give up, Peter. Thou holdest an option on her affection; of that I am sure. Priscilla hast ever been an open book to me. Each story has two sides and something tells me I shall hear from thy fair opponent presently."

"I pray it will be so. Thou'rt a good sister to me, Althea. Thy words have shamed me but encouraged me withal. Stay! here comes herself! Note how lightly she steps. Was ever there maiden—"

"Go—go—her bearing means she brings her confidence, 'tis plain. Don't let her find thee here. 'Twere better I met her alone. The gate! 'tis open—quickly—get thee thru—wait for me at the house."

"Ah, my dear Priscilla! Thou'rt well? Let the rest of these vile weeds give thee my excuse for finding me thus—my dress and

bonnet are unsightly, but gardens must be weeded. Oh, hast thou seen the new rose bush? 'Twill please you I'm sure, a perfect beauty!"

"Of course. Thy shrubs and bushes always are! Thou art a bit of a peacock, Althea, I declare, but let them wait this once. Peter—that is—did he—er—hast thou seen him? 'Twas as tho' I heard voices as I came into the garden. Art thou—?"

"—Reciting poetry, dear. 'Tis a silly habit I have. Just now I was trying to recall Byron's 'Hours of Idleness.'"

"'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme."

But of Peter. I guess he's at the house. Thou canst go up for him or shall I call?"

"No, no, 'tis better he remained away. Althea, dear, thou hast always been my true friend. I must confide in thee. Peter has been talking to me. Thou wouldn't surely be surprised at what he has asked me. He wants, that is, he has asked me—oh Althea, dost think I'd make thee a good sister?"

"My dear, then 'tis settled? Thou hast decided to accept him! Methought Peter looked rather glum, this morning. 'Tis unnatural is it not? By custom the favored man—"

"But thou hast not heard all. Thou art of course, acquainted with the fact that when

thy father's friend, Daniel Webster comes to visit, Peter will probably go back with him to take up his practice of law. The silly boy wants me to go back, too. What dost thou advise?"

"Well, Priscilla, I don't know! Wait — thou lovest Peter?"

"Truly! He's —"

"Then I have it! Of course thou knowest Mr. Webster comes here only for a few days. He has passed in his resignation as member of the Cabinet, and if it is accepted he will go right back to New Hampshire. But if not he will remain here in Boston. Now, why not let his great question decide thine. If he goes back — Peter and thou wilt go with him. If not, wait and be married in the fall anyway. Peter can start business here in Boston. 'Twill prove satisfactory I am sure."

"As you say! My decision rests on Mr. Webster's — look! a carriage Althea. Who? — not Mr. Webster now? My dear — oh — what if he — I mean — Peter! Say

nothing of this to him, I beg thee. There he is, to meet the carriage. Let's go up, too, and see what he says."

"All right, come on. I am a fright though. Here, carry these buds. Careful, dear. Uncle Daniel! I am glad to see thee. Thou art keeping well, I hope? My friend, Priscilla Smythe is anxious to hear your political news. What is the latest from our Congress? Accepted! Well — thou'rt glad, I suppose, altho' the cabinet has lost its best member at last, and thou wilt be returning home in a few days. Let's go into the house. Peter, take that valise. What — really must go, Priscilla? Well, all right — go thru' the garden 'tis shorter I believe. Good-bye, dear. One moment — yes, I have left my spade down there. Peter will go with thee and bring it up, wilt thou not? And — er — Peter. *'Gibraltar has been moved.'* Better see how its position suits thee this time. Come on, Uncle Daniel, let's go into the house."



The Fall of the Alamo

By HOMER ELLIOTT, '23

It was in the year 1836 when Texas with her little band of patriots was struggling to throw off the rule of Mexico. The Texans had proclaimed their independence, and Santa Anna had answered their proclamation with a large force of Mexicans under his leadership.

San Antonio was the stronghold of the Texans, and it was to this town that, one afternoon, a horseman came with the dreaded news that Santa Anna was at hand. In fact he himself had had to make a break for it to escape falling into the hands of the Mexicans. The town was thrown into a turmoil; people rushed to and fro, taking their supplies to the part which was known as the Alamo. This mission was no gigantic structure, but all the inhabitants of the town

fitted in with room to spare. There was only a handful of fighting men, but they had all been tried and trusted, and each knew that the one next to him would fight to the end, taking death before he would surrender. Among them, there were three who stood out in great prominence and who will never be forgotten in the annals of Texas. These three were Travis, Crockett, and Bowie. Travis was commander of the little stronghold; Crockett, a tall, unruly frontiersman, who had a heart as big as his body, had in better times played his part in American politics at Washington until ejected from the halls of legislation by the fiery Andrew Jackson; Bowie, a tall, sunburned son of the "Lone Star State," was the inventor of the "Bowie knife." The triumvirate, Bowie with

his knife, Crockett with his beloved rifle which he called Betsy, and Travis skilled in the use of the shorter guns fired from the hip, were men that no "greaser" would like to meet.

But to go on with our story; the last person was scarcely inside the fort, when the sentries on the roof reported that the approaching thousands were in sight. The Mexicans reached the town, and immediately the flag of "no quarter" was raised, for Santa Anna was determined to crush these daring rebels. For four days and nights, the Mexicans stormed the Alamo with shot and shell, and after each shell the little number of immortal Texans grew smaller.

The Mexicans, however, did not venture within rifle shot of the fort, when they could help it, for they held in great respect such shots as Davy Crockett. On the third day, Travis called for a volunteer to go through the Mexican lines and bring re-enforcements. He sent a letter saying that he was besieged from all sides and that his food and ammunition were fast giving out. He wrote that if re-enforcements did not arrive within forty-eight hours, all would be lost. The fourth day was a duplicate of the preceding three, but when the fifth day arrived, it could be seen that the Mexicans were preparing for action. Breathlessly, and with many misgivings, that brave band waited for re-enforcements, but they were not forthcoming. The fate of the messenger was never known, but it was always believed that he was shot as a spy. The fifth day dawned and the sun rose out of a summer sky. What horrors and carnage was it to witness before once again sinking into the west! From the roof, with the aid of a glass, could be seen Antonio Lapez de Santa Anna, standing on a knoll with his hands behind his back and his cruel face protruded, much the same as Napoleon had stood when the French stormed Ratisbon. The Mexican infantry approached under cover of their cannon, which were working over time; the Texans cocked their rifles and waited, waited, for

they knew not what; and over the whole scene, rising and falling on the morning breeze, tossed the blood-red flag of "no quarter." And now the battle was on; a number of times they were repulsed by the deadly Texan fire, and an equal number of times they were driven on to charge again by generals in the rear. At length the wall was reached, and the scalers were brought into use. Then the battle grew fiercer, if that could be, for with the enemy once inside, all would be over.

Time after time they were thrown down by the Texans, who were, by this time, fighting with clubbed muskets, stones, and everything they could lay their hands on. But at length the superiority of numbers won out, and, at first by ones, and then by fives and tens, the Mexicans dropped inside. Now began a hand to hand fight which has scarcely been duplicated in the history of the world; but it was a one-sided contest, and, slowly but surely, the little band was being annihilated. At last only three were left, fighting side by side. Then Travis was clubbed from behind and two were left. Bowie was doing great work with his knife but, beset from all sides, finally succumbed, with a bullet through his brain. Crockett was now left alone, holding at bay an army, with the barrel of his rifle all that was left of his beloved Betsy.

There came a pause in the fighting as the Mexicans viewed this last immortal hero, who was holding them all at bay. Then came a revolver shot and he staggered, a bayonet thrust and he fell, but, even in falling, he crushed with his gun the skull of one Mexican. The crowd filled in, and then, pushed into the air where all could see it, was the body of Crockett, resting on the points of ten or more bayonets. The final resting place was one of honor if not of beauty.

The fight was over, but the Mexican devilry had only begun, it seemed, for no sooner had Crockett been killed, than Santa Anna appeared on the scene with an order which stands alone in the history of the world. He ordered all the bodies to be stacked in a

great pile and burned. His order was executed and the annihilation was complete.

Some days later, a group of horsemen, while passing the ruins, found an elderly woman who had evidently escaped the

Mexicans, for they killed women and children as well as men. It was from this woman that the story was learned. Santa Anna had killed their men, but their spirit and courage live on forever.



The Open Window

Dramatized by PEARL MILLER, '24

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Charles Doby, the author of the "Open Window," is an Englishman, and, for a man of that nationality, is quite startling. His stories "Laughter" and "Midnight" both concern Antoine Thavet, the malicious villain of the "Open Window."

In the following play, no change has been made in the conversation and events follow each other as in the tale. The costuming and staging are simple, but great care would have to be taken in reproducing the character of the dwarf.

CHARACTERS

The Dwarf (Antoine Thavet).

The Doctor.

The Landlord.

The Greek Innkeeper.

The Waitress (Antigone).

Francois Cheviline.

Place—A moderately cheap boarding house.

Time—The month of May.

SCENE I

François enters. He is dressed in a blue serge suit, and wears a gray cap. He greets the landlord, who is talking to the dwarf, Antoine Thavet. They are standing in François' room.

Francois: Good-day, landlord. Have you heard of that mysterious Soubinge murder yet? There is no doubt but that the man killed himself. Therefore, it would not be murder but a plain case of suicide.

Landlord: (sonorously) No doubt. (A pause.) Have you met my new boarder yet — No? Mr. Antoine Thavet — François Cheviline.

Dwarf: I am pleased to meet you, but I think you were mistaken concerning Mr. Soubinge. Let us retire and discuss it to a finish.

(The Landlord exits.)

Francois: Well?

Dwarf: It is but this. I killed Mr. Soubinge. If you had investigated, you would have found that the blow that killed him was a downward blow—in such a fashion that he could not have done it himself. I have thought it over—the art of killing is a great one—and I killed Mr. Soubinge!

Francois: You killed him? That's a joke—you are too small!

Dwarf: (ominously) You laugh at me? You will rue it. But never mind—I have studied the art of killing—I can kill with my mind alone. Will you join me with a cup of coffee?

Francois: (shuddering) Yes—but why not make it here?

Dwarf: That is better—and I can talk over my hobby with you. The beautiful art of murdering! (He laughs queerly. His eyes have a strange glint.)

François rings for the landlord and gives orders. The landlord brings the things. They prepare the coffee.

Dwarf: I have studied poisons. I have one now that requires only half a grain to kill an ox. (The boy shudders.)

Francois: Oh—

Dwarf: I could kill you for laughing at me. I may yet. But let us drink our coffee.

Francois: Bah—the sugar bowl is empty.

Dwarf: Never mind, I have these. (He

opens a box of white pellets.) With one of these your coffee is sweetened.

Francois: Saccharine pellets?

Dwarf: Perhaps — if I haven't my poison by mistake.

Francois: (to himself). The old fool will kill me after all. I'll not drink my coffee.

Dwarf: Don't you want your coffee? Too bad! Never mind, I'll drink mine. (He drinks and takes his hat.) Good-day, but I'll be seeing you often. I've taken the room next yours. (He goes out.)

Francois: My, he said he'd kill me — but I'll show no fear. I won't eat or drink anything while he's around though. He's awfully crooked — just like that pepper tree under my window — so bent —

Curtain

SCENE II

Place—A Greek restaurant.

Enter François and dwarf whom he seems to fear.

(Greek proprietor comes forward.)

Proprietor: And what can I do for you, Thavet?

Dwarf: Coffee and sweetmeats.

Proprietor: Antigone, come here. (Waitress comes.) Antigone, coffee and sweetmeats the best we have, for my old friend, Thavet.

(Antigone goes, with proprietor.)

Dwarf: Eh, François, this place is my favorite. No danger of — poisoning! (François starts.) Are you afraid of poisoning, my friend?

Francois: Er — no!

(Waitress brings coffee.)

Dwarf: I don't believe this is sweet enough. Have one of my pellets. (He puts a pellet in each cup and cleverly tips his over.)

Francois: (to himself) Ah, he tipped his over so that he would not have to drink it. Those pellets are poisoned!

Dwarf: Why are you so white, my friend? Never mind about the coffee.

(They go out.)

Curtain

SCENE III

Place—François' room.

François and dwarf are talking.

Francois: You cannot poison me! I went to the library, and I read all about the poisons. You cannot fool me, but I feel as if you had poisoned me — I am faint! (He faints.)

Dwarf: Poor dupe! With no weapon other than the mind. (He dashes some water in François' face, and the boy recovers.) I must call the doctor to you. (He goes to the window and calls to a passing boy.) Hi, lad, get a doctor quickly. (There is a pause during which the dwarf mutters to himself.) With no weapon but the mind —

(Doctor enters.)

Dwarf: Ah, Doctor, my friend has not eaten for some days, and he continually raves that I poison him. Poor boy! (He weeps.)

(Doctor examines François)

Doctor: He needs good food — custard, broths, etc.

Dwarf: I can cook and I will take care of him.

Doctor: Good, I will leave you. (He goes out.)

Dwarf goes out and re-enters with a bowl and some things with which he busies himself.

Francois: (to himself) He thinks that he can poison me, but I will not eat. I'd sooner starve!

Dwarf: Will you not drink this? It will do you good. I have sweetened it with a pellet. (He grins maliciously.)

Francois: No, never!

Dwarf leaves it on a chair by the bed and goes out. François falls asleep.

Curtain

SCENE IV

Place—François' room.

François is visibly weaker; he reclines on a couch. The dwarf is again mixing something in a bowl.

Time—Almost seven o'clock at night.

The Advocate

Dwarf: Cannot this custard tempt your appetite? You haven't eaten anything for six days.

(Doctor enters.)

Doctor: How is my patient?

Dwarf: He is gaining strength and has a fine appetite. Why, he will eat me out of house and home presently.

Francois (softly): Liar, murderer — trying to poison me! But I will escape tonight. The window is open — I will go, never fear.

Dwarf: My patient is almost asleep.

Doctor: Then I won't disturb him. Good-night!

(The dwarf and the doctor go out.)

François makes a final struggle against the oncoming death which he knows or almost realizes is near, but which he calls sleepiness.

Francois: I will go now. The window is open. I am tired, though, and I must rest. (He sinks back on the pillows.)

(Enter the dwarf.)

Dwarf (taking François' wrist): Ah, you are dying, and I killed you! With no weapon but the mind! You thought that those little pellets were poison, and I knew that you thought so! They were sugar! You thought that your food was poisoned and refused to eat. You starved yourself. But now you are dying and I killed you with no weapon but my mind! (He shakes François savagely.) You laughed at me, and I killed you! Retribution! Do you hear, fool?

Francois (unheeding): The window is open — and I have escaped from him through the open window!

He sinks back dead. Outside, the pepper tree creaks in the wind, and the dwarf laughs cheerily.

Slow Curtain



Keep a-Smiling

By ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25

When the way seems dark and dreary,
Keep a-smiling.

If Life's prospects aren't so cheery,
Keep a-smiling,

All your pleasures you could double,
When you find a friend in trouble,
If you'll help him through the stubble,
Keep a-smiling.

For the one who wanders blindly,
Keep a-smiling.

You may save him if you'll kindly
Keep a-smiling.

Do not turn aside and scorn him,
Show him that your heart is for him,
In your gracious mercy help him,
And keep smiling.

The Coming of Spring

By CHESTER SAWYER, '24

When the days begin to lengthen
And the shadows smaller grow,
And the flaming sun creeps higher
Where the dark clouds dully go.

Then my heart bounds up rejoicing
Like a wild and captured thing,
For I'm waiting, wishing, waiting
For the coming of the spring.

Oh, I dislike the winds that bluster
And I hate the cold that blights,
And the days of dark depression
And the dreary, icy nights.

When the light begins to lengthen
Is the time my heart does sing,
For I'm waiting, wishing, waiting
For the coming of the spring.

That Home Town Feeling

By ESTHER M. BAKER, '25

Richard Thayer, the only child of two fond parents, had reached the promising age of twenty-four. The Thayer family had lived in Needham since Richard was a sophomore in High School, now almost nine years. He had been to college and graduated with honors, taken a special course after that with a chum who was interested in the subject and was now trying to find his place in the world.

One of his college friends, knowing Dick's situation, said that he had an opportunity for him to go with a noted African explorer into the wilds of Africa. This journey might keep him from home five years, but surely no longer. Dick hesitated but, being urged on all sides to try it, accepted the opportunity.

He set out with the rest of the company in March of the year 1923, after promising to write many letters and with the understanding that he was to receive all the news of the home town. The explorers progressed favorably for about three years. Six months had elapsed since they had received word from home. The pleasure was beginning to wane. They were still journeying inland when the fifth year expired, and no signs of returning to the seacoast for quite a time appeared. They had gone in so far that the hope of mail had been banished for more than two years. The leader was taken sick so they turned back and came to America, as the explorer needed surgical attention and he preferred to be in his native land. They arrived at New York, in December, of the year 1933. This past experience convinced Dick that he wished for no more exploring, and, having been granted a resignation by the leader, he started for Boston the following February.

At six o'clock one morning, Dick woke up and found that he was really in Boston. He thought the best thing to do would be to get a time table and see when the next train

for Needham was scheduled to leave. He obtained a time table of not less than ten pages, discovering also that a train was scheduled to leave every twenty minutes throughout the day.

He boarded a Needham train at seven A. M. and prepared to surprise the family about eight o'clock in the morning. The first station he heard called was Needham. Upon looking at his watch he found it was only 7.25. The conductor, or else he, must have been mistaken, for certainly this was not Needham—it was a large terminal. Upon asking the conductor, he discovered this was the place he desired.

"Which way to Fair Oaks Park, please?" asked Dick of a policeman.

"The only park near here is Memorial Park. Go over there and take a subway car marked, 'Highland Avenue and Park'," was the brief reply of the policeman.

"Subway! Surely this place cannot be Needham," thought Dick. But following the directions given him he went out of the station in the direction which the policeman had indicated. He soon recognized the old Town Hall, but with the exception of that one building, all the others were skyscrapers as far as he could see. Going down into the subway, he saw cars with innumerable signs and finally decided the only way to find where his parents lived was to telephone them. A booth was near so he called them up immediately. His father answered the 'phone and was greatly surprised to find who was calling him. He told Dick, "Take a car marked 'Park,' get off at Richwagen, and there wait for me."

He had barely arrived there when his father came up to him and told him to follow him. They walked over to a building which had "Needham High School" printed above the main entrance. They entered the building and took an elevator to the tenth floor. Dick followed his father around to a door

which led out upon a large roof that covered an addition to the main building. On this roof were four or five airplanes which looked as though they had been parked there as an automobile might be parked in a certain parking place. His father gave a check to a man who sat in a booth. This allowed him to start the engine of his aeroplane.

"What does all this mean?" asked Dick.

His father said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. This is my new aeroplane. It is twice as good as the others I have had. They consider this make the best in the city. Hop in, and I'll take you home within five minutes."

"Where is home now, anyway?" asked Dick.

"Oh, you didn't receive all of our letters then?" asked his father. "Well we kept moving from one house to another until we finally bought this large apartment house on Birds' Hill in the best residential section of the city. I told you to go to Richwagens because, as it takes such a short time to travel nowadays, I thought it would be the easiest place to meet you."

Dick was completely overwhelmed by all this, "So this is the home town!" said he.



Murder Will Out

By CATHERINE COATES, '25

Many years had come and gone since my departure from the quiet security of my small town home. Those years had been filled with a persistent struggle for a creditable place in the world of journalism. There had been plenty of discouragement, numerous set-backs, but never actual defeat. To the utter surprise of my family I found myself at last on the regular staff of a large city daily.

Experiences of a more startling nature than those related in fiction come the way of the newspaper man. Aspects sordid and unlovely are often encountered. The reverse of these are also known.

A happy faculty of remembering faces and names, and a certain good-will toward all classes which often prompted a fitting word in season opened many doors and afforded many privileges not often extended to others on our staff. Many were the social functions to which I was bidden.

Of none of these do I retain a clearer impression than that given in honor of a prelate of the church who was to be created an Archbishop. It was a choice assemblage that met about that board, men distinguished in the financial world, high railway officials, a few literary lights and church notables. It was my good fortune to be

selected as one of the number to report the gatherings.

At the hour set for the banquet every seat but one was filled. That seat was awaiting the arrival of a man greatly distinguished in the legal profession whose name was known and honored by every one present. Out of courtesy to the absent guest, who was expected at every moment, the banquet was delayed and the period filled with remarks from one and another, many sallies of brilliant wit and the rehearsal of personal anecdotes. The Archbishop-to-be contributed his share of the anecdotes, drawing upon some of his experiences during his years of clerical service. I think we were all not merely surprised but startled when he remarked that the first confession he had ever heard was that of a murderer. In answer to the comments that followed, the Archbishop said that the act was not wilful but accidental and the circumstances such that no suspicion fell on the young man in question. Other topics of conversation followed, and the subject of the Archbishop's remarks was practically forgotten when the guest, who had occasion to delay, finally arrived and was ushered to his seat. He was profuse in apologies explaining that his delay

was caused by an accident and concluded by remarking that the occasion was one which he would on no account miss, his honor and admiration for the dignitary for whom the banquet was given being unbounded. With a glance that included us all he said, "Gentlemen, I had the rare privilege of being the Bishop's first penitent in the confessional."

An awed hush descended upon us, con-

sternation and horror were displayed on the face of the Archbishop-to-be and then with a mighty effort we resumed the light casual conversation common to the progress of such a function. With absolute unconsciousness our belated guest had given us the evidence of his crime concealed so well for many years.



Thots of a Self-Made Bard

By PUTNAM JOHNSON, '24

My thoughts are muddled, my eyes are blurred,
For to me, it never before had occurred
That writing a poem is rather hard,
And it's not so easy to be a bard.
A poem must hold something else besides lines,
Perhaps a few thoughts and a couple of rhymes.
You can't sit down and just amble along
Without any motive, not even a song.
It's easy to scribble a poem all through,
But not so easy to see that it's true!



Looking Forward

By VIRGINIA WHITING, '24

I am just a bit afraid
Of the woman I'm going to be.
She will be grave and dignified,
And not at all like me.

Her ways will be so very soft;
Her thoughts so deep and fine;
While mine are light and fanciful,
And sparkle all the time.

She will have a soft, rare laugh,
An understanding smile,
Not overwhelming mirth like mine
Which bubbles all the while.

Her hands will do the little things
Which I neglect to do,
Because of foolish thoughtlessness,
Or love of something new.

O, she will be as true and fine
As e'er woman could be;
But it will take a Master Hand
To make her out of me.

Mothers

By CLIFFORD JONES, '24

Mothers should be like the sky,
Shining, calm and very high,
Like the sun that warms me through,
Makes me feel so glad and new.
Or a deep and quiet wood,
Friendly place for solitude.
Like a dictionary book,
Every answer at a look.
All this mothers ought to be,
But they're only — like you and me.



Golf

By B. E. PHILLIPS, Jr., '23

Golf, that royal and ancient game,
In Scotland originated,
Has now come into world-wide fame,
'Mongst the first-class sports is rated.
The old the young, the rich, the poor,
Find it such enjoyable fun,
'Tis most exciting that is sure,
When your opponent's on the run.
From off the tee the players drive,
Along the fairway they progress,
Until they at the green arrive,
Yet missed the hole — to their distress.
With happy heart and worn out feet,
Back to the clubhouse they retreat.

The Advocate "Bullet Sam"

By GEORGE BERCH, '24

"He'll never 'mount to much nohow, Sam won't. This makes just four dollars and sixty cents it's cost me for putting in windows this month. I'll have to put him to something in his spare time, because he just won't quit playin' baseball," complained Cy Jenkins, a weather-worn, old farmer, "and he'll be the ruinin' of me if he keeps it up."

"He's 'mounted to quite a sum now," replied the stable keeper. "If you stop to figger up the price of the windows he busted in my stable, it'll cost yer just sixty-two cents this time."

The old farmer dug down in his pocket and took out a handful of nails, money, and hayseed, out of which assortment he handed fifty-four cents to the stable keeper, who counted it carefully and made some remark about carrying the balance over till the next window was broken.

"Which window won't be broke if I have to keep that Sam indoors to stop it," were the parting words of Mr. Jenkins.

But Sam was not such a bad youngster as might be expected. He was just a boy who liked to play ball and to him broken windows were part of the game. His father gave him a good lecture that night on baseball, no-goods and other such things, so it was nearly a month before Sam laid his hand on a baseball again.

The following year, he entered high school in a neighboring town, and when the calls for candidates were made, he was one of the first to report. As he showed up fairly well, the coach decided to give him a chance, and about the middle of the season he was one of the best pitchers in the squad. Before the season closed, he had the honor of pitching a no-hit game against the rival school.

As soon as he was graduated from high school, he was offered a position to play for a semi-professional team in a city about eight miles from his home. He decided to take the position, provided they would keep his

identity a secret in order that his name might not appear in the papers. Sam told his father he had accepted a position with a sporting goods house and had just received orders to make a tour of the neighboring cities to secure new customers. While he played for the semi-professional team, he was known as Sam Sampson, John Johnson, and various other names, but the one which the fans liked best to call him was "Bullet Sam," because of the bullet-like speed which he possessed.

He returned home in the fall and assured his father of a successful business trip, showing him a suit case full of baseball supplies, which, he explained, were samples. It was early in March before Sam left the old town on the next business trip, but this time no word was heard from him until one day along in July, Cy Jenkins received a letter containing a check for three thousand dollars drawn on the New York National Bank and signed Sam Jenkins. This letter seemed to cheer the old man a little, but he could not quite figure out its real origin or how Sam managed to make so much money in so short a time.

One morning, early in October, Cy Jenkins rushed into the livery stable, waving a newspaper in one hand.

"There y'are, Judd, look over them headlines, an' then I'll pay you the eight cents balance on that there window which was broke some time ago.

The surprised Judd fumbled his spectacles hurriedly and then read slowly aloud: "'Bullet Sam' Slated to Pitch Opening World Series Game for Giants." In the left-hand corner of the sheet was a snapshot of a baseball player in uniform, under which read "'Bullet Sam' Jenkins, sensation of the League."

"Gosh," said Judd, "I always knowed he'd make good, somehow."

"No one knowed it better than me," returned Cy. "An' I got a letter here explainin' why he kep' it a secret. He

says he wanted to surprise me by making good, and, most of all, wanted to be sure he made good before he told me anything. Now, if you can change this check for three thousand dollars, I'll pay you that eight cents, an' if you can't, maybe when Sam comes home he kin."

"I think I can cross that account off my book," replied Judd. "Let's hurry or we won't get to New York to see one of them World Series games."



A "Different" Book Report

By JOHN T. KENNEY, '23

One invariably formulates a decisive opinion as to the relative merits of a literary work immediately following the reading of the book or the story, as the case might be; granted, that in the main the majority of conclusions so drawn are to a certain extent truthful, and, in the mind of the critic at the time of passing judgment, what he believes to be his firm personal opinion of the subject in hand.

I was so wont to believe until I read Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," an event which totally altered my views on the hidden values contained in books; because, at the time, I wrote a somewhat derogatory report of this book, and not without positive reason, as heretofore I had not read any book which imparted its message in so simple a style. Now I realize my mistake, and, as a consequence, know that in order to determine the exact value of a work in literature, the time test must of necessity be applied, *i.e.* — to ascertain after the lapse of a number of months, whether or not the message or purpose of the author is clear in your mind, and whether sometimes you inadvertently recall incidents which occurred in the story that you have read which will give you food for thought and thus, perhaps, be the means of your acquiring the valuable habit of retrospection, a habit which enables

The Reason Why

By GEORGE BURGESS, '25

The doctor cried in accents wild,
"This is a grievous case.
Your wife's mind is completely gone,
I'll tell you face to face."

The man returned without dismay,
And said in calm repine,
"I'm not surprised, she's given me
The pieces of her mind."

us to provide for the future by recalling what has already past.

Holding the above in mind, I cannot criticise harshly Kipling's collection of short stories, entitled "Plain Tales from the Hill," since they contain much that is valuable. However, one could not well refrain protesting at his style, as he just begins a most attractive story, and introduces his characters, when he brings the story to a close. One feature of his style which ought to be mentioned is his uncanny power to condense into a single paragraph a complete history of a major character, together with all the associated circumstances of his existence. Although it is exasperating to find the end of the story where the second chapter should begin, I would nevertheless recommend this collection of short stories to all who have not read them.



Professor: "I'm getting some rare work from the new freshmen."

Assistant: "Rare?"

Professor: "Yes, not well done."



REALLY TOO MUCH

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk?"

Girls in General; One in Particular

By GARA B. BEALE, '24

It was just two weeks before the Faculty Ball. This was the chief topic of conversation everywhere. Studies were neglected in order to make hurried trips to the designers or dressmakers.

Boyd Payne, insignificant in society, studious, and popular in church circles, had debated the issue from every angle — whom should he invite? He liked Jean White very much, but she wasn't a good dancer, nor did she care for such frivolity; then there was Ruth Crane — gay, radiant, and pretty, but too much of a flirt; the third choice, Kay Bartlett, was just the right sort of girl who possessed all the good attributes of the last two mentioned, and none of their bad ones.

After much profound consideration he decided on either of two of the three girls — Ruth Crane, or Kay Bartlett. He didn't quite dare to invite Ruth, she was — er, well, so popular, that perhaps she might wish to go with someone a little higher up in society.

So his final decision was Kay, she who "possessed all the good attributes."

In due time Kay was invited, and politely refused on the plea of having some very dear friends whom she had not seen for a long time, visiting her, on that night.

"The dickens," Boyd exploded, "now, I'll have to ask Ruth. Well she can refuse if she wants to. I don't care if she does."

Again he performed his laborious task and to his chagrin, she accepted—"Oh, I'd just love to go with you, Boyd, you're such a good dancer."

"Pooh — good dancer, where'd she get that idea?" he blurted out when he gained the privacy of his own room. "Aren't some girls the limit though, think they can bluff a feller along by flattering him. Well, it may work for some, but I won't let it affect me."

The days flew by swiftly enough, too swiftly for some. The night before la

grande soirée, Boyd was called to the phone — "A woman, I think, sir," said the courteous maid, "Hello — Boyd Payne, — yes, Good evening, Boyd, this is Mrs. Crane — Ruth's mother, you know. I'm awfully sorry, Boyd, and Ruth is, too, but she won't be able to go to the dance with *you* to-morrow night." (Boyd noticed the emphasis on the "you" but didn't think anything of it at the time.) "The doctor said," she continued plaintively, "that Ruth won't possibly be able to go out for three or four days more." Boyd could hardly restrain himself until she finished talking — "Oh I'm very sorry to hear that she has been ill so long," he murmured sympathetically, while inside he was rejoicing in the highest realms of exultation.

"Mm-m," he mused to himself "there must be something the matter with me if you two girls right in succession don't want my company." Just then the telephone sounded again, and again, the maid announced, "A lady on the wire for you, master Boyd."

"Hello, Boyd?" "Yes, Oh! This is Kay isn't it?" "Yes, it's me; well, our company isn't coming until to-morrow night, so I shall be able to go to the dance with you, that is," she added half afraid, "if you haven't already got some one to go with you."

The next evening promptly at eight o'clock, Kay Bartlett with Boyd Payne entered at one door of the Hall, just as Ruth Crane with Bob Tracy, entered by the opposite door.

"Well, well," Boyd Payne, the insignificant, again ejaculated. "Aren't girls the limit!"



THE EXPANDING FLAT

Victim (discussing the housing difficulty): "Yus, an' then the walls got wet an' started to bulge outwards. Blowed if the landlord didn't bung the rent up two dollars, because he said the rooms was bigger."

Essay on Idleness or Laziness

By JEROME RYAN, '24

What causes idleness? Is it brought about by the inability of the idle one to find anything to do, or is it entirely due to his unwillingness to busy himself in some way or other?

There is no doubt that idleness causes far more evil than good. It is a well-known fact among labor agitators that an idle mob is a pliable one and can be easily led.

It is a curious fact that the general attitude of the public towards the idle rich seems to be one of hostility, while the attitude toward the idle poor seems to be one of tolerance. This statement will perhaps be borne out when we think of some of the lazy, lovable characters we can find in literature, for it is quite certain that everyone enjoyed the actions of Rip Van Winkle and the quaint residents of Sleepy Hollow.

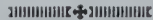
There are, of course, two classes of laziness: mental laziness, and physical laziness. It is my firm opinion that one brings on the other, and that if either is continued for any great length of time, it will cause the downfall of a person's self-respect, thereby ultimate loss of his character.

It is possible that a person may acquire laziness by being brought up in surroundings of luxury where any great application of his mental or physical powers is never required. But, although a person is born possessing a

certain amount of indolence, and although he is brought up in a way which accentuates that state, I still maintain that the person can cast off the cloak of laziness. True, it may mean a long struggle and much deprivation, but nevertheless, it is possible to acquire habits far different from laziness.

Laziness is the greatest hindrance to success, for it is industry and hard work that make success, and indolence is a quality far removed from industry. I will add here that I believe idleness to be a greater drawback to the advancement of mankind than any other thing. People speak of the curse of drink, but which is the greater curse, drink or idleness? It is well known to all that some of the greatest masterpieces of literature have been written by dissipated men. I might name Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Edgar Allen Poe, and Robert Burns. These men have been of some great benefit to the world, owing to the good influence of their works. At the same time, if these men had been lazy or indolent, they would have lacked the initiative to write their masterpieces.

As a final word I must say that in spite of the unpleasant truths connected with idleness, it is a source of considerable satisfaction to all to know that it can be overcome.



A Candle Light Service

By HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

Hark! On the peaceful, August evening is wafted the clear vibrating sound of the church bell. It calls us; so we cease activities, go to the hotel piazza and procure a small lighted candle-lantern. Then in hushed silence we depart. Our course is indistinct, up the dark, steep, narrow, rocky path to the little gray stone church on the crest of the barren hill. All is quiet, no sound of voices breaks it. At the quaint old meeting house we pause for worship. By the dim light of the candles, inside and out, for the edifice is not large enough to accom-

modate us all, the service is conducted. After the final hymn has swelled out on the night breeze, we slowly descend the little hill, again in absolute silence. Above us, the sombre heavens with their stars shining forth, and the moon riding high; in the distance, the echo of gently lapping waves of the sea glimmering with the heavens' reflections; and about us, silence save for the tread of many feet and rustle of garments. Surely, if anywhere God's presence would be felt in such a place.

Getting the Family Ready for Church

By FRANCES I. KROLL, '23

BOOM! The noisy fire whistle gave forth its habitual morning message! The day was Sunday, so the summons to rise and act was unheeded. Mr. George Harvey opened one sleepy eye in the direction of the narrow portion of the bed recently occupied by his faithful and energetic spouse. "Recently occupied" I said, but now left cold and vacant.

From the bathroom issued sounds of mortal combat; muffled gurgles and bubblings, ineffectually suppressed shrieks, and indignant expostulations. All this indicated that the small Harveys were making themselves (or rather being made) clean and pure as the lilies, that they might sally forth, resplendent, to early Sunday School. The calm, remonstrating tones of the before-mentioned energetic spouse were audible above the childish voices.

Mr. Harvey sighed contentedly and, closing his eye once more; snuggled comfortably down for another nap. As he snuggled, however, his nostrils began to quiver appreciatively. His sense of smell had been tickled by the welcome odor of frying bacon and hot biscuits. Tickled? Nay, assailed and assaulted. The suspicious, ever-strengthening knowledge that a catastrophe was about to befall his intended morning repast came upon him.

"Ruth," he bellowed, not moving. "Ruth, the breakfast is burning up!"

The bathroom door slammed hastily. Footsteps, none too soft, sounded down the stairs and then — ker-thump — and —

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Harvey, as she suddenly, unexpectedly, and in rather an undignified manner, descended the stairs.

"My dear, are you hurt?" solicitously inquired Mr. Harvey, now sitting up.

"Oh no, of course not," came in ironic tones from below. "Only, why did you

have to leave that hammer on the stairs? Will you never learn where things are kept?"

Meanwhile the biscuits, now beyond recall, burned merrily on, diffusing a penetrating, if not a sweet, fragrance. The erstwhile bacon spattered itself about, decorating its entire surroundings with utter impartiality. Upon inspection the remnants were immediately consigned to the refuse and a new batch begun.

During the preceding events, the state of warfare had continued its existence in the vicinity of the bathroom. Just in time, George Harvey rose to the occasion and rescued his small son, Paul, from a watery grave in an overflowing bath tub.

This recent dampening experience necessitated a rapid change of plans and attire. At last, however, all was in readiness for breakfast and George, clad in a Navajo bathrobe and flapping slippers, "flipfopped" down to partake of the meal. It pleased him much to see the shining faces of his youngsters surrounding his humble board. But when one of the wearers of a radiant countenance tipped a cup of cocoa into the lap of his fond parent, the father was not so happy.

The orgy of breakfast at last completed, the merry contest of fitting caps, coats mittens, handkies and pennies to their various owners was begun. The game of "Hunt the thimble" was enlarged to a wholesale search throughout the house for Faith's rubbers. When those were discovered, her mittens were among those not present. At the last minute Bobbie pulled a button off his coat but his artful mother deftly replaced it with the aid of a wire hairpin. After a final inspection the little Harveys trooped joyfully off to church, leaving their dear mother in possession of the wreck of her frenzied household.

And thus endeth the first chapter — to be continued with variations the following Sunday.

The Rosemary Valley Legend

By FRANCIS EATON, '23

How many of you have heard of the old Indian legend concerning Rosemary Valley? Probably very few of you. But there is a legend that used to be told among the Indians, a tale that made them all afraid to enter the valley for fear of the spooks which were said to reside there. Rosemary Valley, as we may call it today, extends from Wellesley Hills to Great Plain Avenue, via Rosemary Lake. The following account is the legend as I remember it.

It was in the days of long ago, long before the feet of white men ever trod on the virgin soil of the New World, that Chief Striped Chipmunk and his tribe boasted of owning all the territory now included in Norfolk County. He was a young warrior of twenty-three years, powerful and stalwart, with a mind and body which, when in action, were as swift as a panther. For this reason, he had been selected by his elders a month previous as the best fitted to guide and lead his tribe through the perils of the future.

But now there was another tribe to the north, a powerful rival of the southern tribe, with a chieftain of the same mental and physical calibre as Chief Chipmunk. Its chief was known to all as Spotted Beaver. The two tribes were the deadliest of enemies, but a war was never precipitated as both were careful not to cross the present River Charles.

By a rather strange coincidence, neither Striped Chipmunk or Spotted Beaver, had yet selected his squaw. Their tribes were too limited to supply a mate of their liking, and consequently they had been forced to look afar for their brides.

Now, there came to their ears stories of a beautiful young Indian princess that lived beyond the Connecticut River. Her fame had been established far and wide. The two young chiefs were excited by the glowing accounts of her wondrous beauty and set out for the west to claim her.

To make a long story short, the two warriors met on their journeys and rather strangely, considering their former enmities, became friends. They met the princess and immediately became thrilled with her charms and together brought her back.

At last they reached Rosemary Lake where each was to depart to his own tribe. But the question then arose as to who should take the princess with him. A lengthy argument followed, lasting several days. Finally, on the evening of the fifth day, these mortal foes clashed in a deadly combat. Eye witnesses declared that it was a superhuman struggle. No weapons were used except brawn and muscle.

As the first light of morning appeared in the east, each of the two young warriors received his death blow. As this occurred, a horrible, hideous shriek arose that sent a pang of fear into everyone's heart. The princess who had watched the combat from afar, rushed down the hill and hurled herself into beautiful Rosemary.

A moment later, in the center of the lake, there arose a spectre, clothed in a dull gray. It quietly unfolded its arms and waved them at the shore and then sank back into the waters.

That is why the Indians quit the valley and have never stepped into it since. They said that the valley would never prosper because the spirit of the departed princess would always be hovering over the surface of the lake until the end of time.



TOO LITERAL

John: "I hear Bill was kicked off the squad."

Jack: "How so?"

John: "He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the Coach."

The Advocate

An Old Attic

By VIRGINIA WHITING, '24

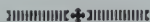
The rain drips mournfully from the roof; leaves blow through the air and land disconsolately on the wet ground — just the sort of a day for attic exploring. The house is old, and the attic well worth discovering. A huge brick chimney of mellow red fills the center, and on it are herbs and spices, hung there by a housewife of long ago. Cobwebs fling themselves dustily over the hand-hewn rafters, and a thin, faint coating of dust covers the old furniture and boxes.

There, in a corner, is a brass-nailed trunk filled with letters and trinkets; a satin slipper with a whimsical red heel; a diamond buckle, its faint glitter distinguishing it from a pile of yellowed linen. Near the trunk, on a rusty nail, hangs a dear little poke bonnet which hid some beauty's coquettish curls. A faint, dim perfume rises from it, a ghost of a scent, as ghostly as its one time owner, a scent reminiscent of walled flower gardens filled with lavender and mignonette.

In strong contrast is a grey uniform of the Confederate army, a blood-stained sleeve supplying its own story. On further examination, a miniature tumbles out of the "heart pocket." A sweet, girlish face it is, wistful and young, the sweetheart of the gallant soldier, no doubt; possibly the wearer of the adorable bonnet!

A grandfather's clock stands in a far corner like an old man resting from his labors after an arduous life but enviously wishing to be back in the turmoil again. Beside it is an old cradle, worn by the feet of mothers rocking their babies in it.

Chairs, tables, odds and ends of household goods fill the attic to overflowing. No antique hunters have invaded this paradise. It seems quite like being transplanted from 1923 to 1700 — the quiet days when romance rode abroad and there was time for the good things of life.



Fair Play?

By DOROTHEA M. WILLGOOSE, '24

It was hardly believable, but evidences all pointed to Maynard — he was convicted of the reception of a paper from Abbott, his bosom friend, during the mid-year Chemistry exam. Under obligations to the school and to the Honor System, one of his friends had reported the offense. The Student Representatives had already held two important meetings solely to discuss this matter. Evidences were given, Maynard's exam paper submitted, and the mysterious paper forfeited. The student who had reported the matter, upheld by two other fellows, had rendered weighty statements against Maynard, and after the third council meeting, the verdict was pronounced: Maynard was to be isolated for two months in a remote dormitory, he was to come to classes, but to refrain from

speaking to his friends or taking part in any social activity.

Outwardly calm, Maynard accepted the punishment and when the first day of the isolation came he cheerfully made ready to depart. Finally he turned to his room-mate, Abbott, and said, "Goodbye, brother, play fair!" — He was gone!

For days the words, "play fair," lingered in Abbott's mind — they befronted him in classes, disturbed his sleep, and seemed to jump gleefully before him wherever he went. He had a strange attack of conscience before four days passed — but why? Was it a *Guilty* conscience? Perhaps, but he fought it as a bitter enemy and finally, the gnawing at his heart was absolutely quiet. "Just a little lonesome," his friends thought.

It is not given to every one to know what a man feels and thinks, but most of the unuttered thoughts that were passing through Maynard's mind (he had much time to think) were of an interrogative nature. Why was Abbott letting him suffer the punishment that rightfully belonged to himself? Surely Abbott realized his chum was considered guilty and he himself innocent. Abbott had always been a good pal, surely by this time he had confessed that the paper contained information which *Maynard* had given to *him* earlier in the hour and Abbott just happened at that moment to be returning it. "But yet, perhaps *I* am to blame more

than Abbie for giving him the information. Anyway I won't worry, Abbie will explain before my two months are up and clear my case a bit, although it will involve himself."

But — these were only *thoughts!* Abbott failed to "clear up" and the two months passed. Maynard returned to the room he shared with Abbott. They were, outwardly, just as good friends as ever. However, there was a questionable blemish on *Maynard's* character.

Again we ask ourselves: "Is it fair, this expecting a man to bear witness against himself?" And the answer seems to reply, "Yes, much fairer than to expect others to bear witness against him."



Snow-bound

By RICHARD YOUNG, '25

"Listen here, Jim," said Mr. Dunstan, the postmaster, to Jim Robinson, one of his postmen, "You've got to speed up a little. You're mighty slow these winter mornings, and I think if you would quit wasting five or ten minutes climbing up to Grandma Wallis's house you might get in somewhere near time."

Grandma Wallis was an elderly lady whose house stood alone at the top of a small hill, but in the winter when the snow drifted, it was a hard climb. She had a post box at the foot of the hill, but Jim knew that the boy who did her errands would forget her letters, so he took them straight to her.

"Well," replied Jim, "I wouldn't want to do that, but I will try to speed up so as to get in on time."

About two weeks later, there was a heavy snow, and for three days Jim was seriously late getting back to the post office. Finally the "boss" made a "fuss". "See here, Jim, if you won't take advice, you must take orders. Hereafter, you will put Mrs. Wallis's letters in her box and not climb the hill. If you don't do this, you will have to hunt another job," was the emphatic way that Mr. Dunstan gave Jim his orders.

The next summer, Mr. Dunstan left the government service and became the head

of a prospering business. About six months later, Grandma Wallis died, and Mr. Dunstan, who had often wanted the land, bought it from the heirs. Here he built a magnificent house, and constructed a fine roadway up the hill to it. However, the next winter the snow drifted in just as badly, if not worse, and so the postman, who was rather lazy, left the letters and packages at the bottom of the hill. Mr. Dunstan asked him to bring the mail up to him, so he did, until the next storm. Mr. Dunstan then went to see the postman about it, and when he went into the room, he was astonished to see that Jim Robinson had risen to the position of postmaster. Mr. Dunstan stated his case and asked him to look into the matter, with the result that, a few days later, he received a letter containing the reply.

The letter ran:

"Mr. Dunstan:

"I have investigated this case of which you told me, and I discovered that on the eighteenth of January you precisely ordered one of your postmen not to climb that hill for any official service. I therefore consider that the postman need not climb the hill for any purpose except personal business.

"Yours truly,

"J. ROBINSON, *Postmaster.*"

The Advocate

Not Guilty

By FRANCIS H. EATON, '23

The period: June, 1866. *The scene of the action:* In General Grant's headquarters before Petersburg, Virginia.

(General Grant is seated at his desk in the reception room of a spacious Virginian mansion. As he works over his papers he continually moves his fat cigar from one side of his mouth to the other by the action of his lips, which is suggestive of deep thought and study, and an undecided mind. Presently he rises, folds his papers and in an attitude of utter disgust walks over to a window that overlooks a green slope and a lake. A moment later the door opens. Grant, with a scowl on his face, turns on the intruder, but when he sees the familiar visage of Phil Sheridan he rushes forward and clasps his hand.)

"Congratulations, Sheridan. With your help the rebels will be out of Petersburg in a week. How many men have you brought with you?"

Sheridan: "Forty thousand, Grant. They're spread along the road from Petersburg to Appomattox. What are the guns booming for?"

Grant: "That's Hooker's division battering down Fort Riley. If he takes it, it will bring our lines a half mile nearer the city. Lee's in an iron trap now. The Confederacy is doomed. Did you bring the map?"

Sheridan: "Yes. Here it is."

Grant: "Good! Come over to the desk and compare it with mine. I am doubtful of two points on mine."

(The maps are produced and compared by Grant and Sheridan.)

Grant: "You see here is Fort Riley, and here, Hooker's outfit. There is the railway —." (An orderly enters.)

Orderly: "Colonel Davis wishes to know if you are ready to sentence Private Warren."

Grant: "Tell the Colonel to bring him in." (Exit orderly.)

"Davis is severe in his tactics, Sheridan.

He rules with an iron will. All his men hate him. I don't believe that Warren is guilty." (Colonel Davis, a whiskered man of sixty-five, enters with Private Warren behind him between two guards.)

Grant: (Saluting). "Good morning, Colonel. How is the twenty-third regiment today? I hope it did not suffer much in yesterday's attack?"

Davis: (Returning the salute.) "No, General, it suffered little loss, but its name and honor is thoroughly disgraced by this culprit, spy, traitor. He deserves to be shot at sunrise tomorrow."

Grant: "Hm-m-m-m. How old are you, Warren?"

Warren: "Nineteen, sir."

Grant: "What is your full name?"

Warren: "James Kent Warren, sir."

Grant: "Colonel Davis, what is the nature of your charge against this lad?"

Colonel Davis: "General, Sergeant Dunham found him at dawn yesterday morning talking with a Confederate soldier. More than that he was actually seen to pass the plans of our fortifications to the rebel."

Grant: (thoughtfully puffing on his cigar): "It is a serious charge, indeed. Where is the Confederate now?"

Davis: "The Quartermaster has him in charge."

Grant: (to one of the guards): "Bring the Confederate here." (Exit guard.)

Sheridan: "If that can be proved, young man, immediate death is your penalty."

Grant: "What have you to say for yourself, Warren. Tell the truth, are you guilty?"

Warren: "Yes, I am guilty of everything that has been named, but I am under orders."

Grant: "Under whose orders?"

Warren: "General Meade's, sir. He commissioned me as a Northern spy before he left for Washington last week."

Davis: "That is a lie, General! No sane spy would ever impart secrets to the enemy."

Sheridan: "I think it would be better if we had Sergeant Dunham's verbal report. Send for him, Grant." (Grant dispatches the other guard to neighboring house.)

Grant: "Why, Warren, did you give the plans to the rebel?"

Warren: "He is not a rebel, Sir, he is a Northerner, playing the part of a spy in the Confederate ranks."

Davis: "That is a poor alibi, General, he means the opposite."

Grant: "How did you happen to get the plans?"

Warren: "I drew them, sir."

Davis: "There you are! Drawing plans of our fortifications."

(Enter Sergeant Dunham.)

Grant: "Sergeant! I have called you here to testify in Warren's case. Did you or did

you not see Warren hand over the plans of our fortifications to the enemy?"

Sergeant Dunham: "Yes, General, I caught him in the act."

Grant: "Thank you."

(Enter guard with the Confederate in handcuffs.)

"Your name sir?"

Confederate: "John F. South, sir. You are well acquainted with me."

Grant: "Why Captain South. If I had known it were you, you would not have been detained. Gentlemen, Warren is telling the truth. Captain South is not a rebel; he is a true American; a Northern spy in the Southern armies. Let him go. Also Warren."

Warren and South march out, while Sergeant Dunham and Colonel Davis look on in amazement.



"There Was a King of Egypt"

By PEARL MILLER, '24

(With Apologies to Sir Rider Haggard)

The Tale is Told by an Insane Baronet

One night in June, I, Sir Gilbert Brunswick, received one of the most startling letters it has ever been my fate to read.

"My dear Sir Gilbert," it ran:

"I wish you to undertake an experiment wholly harmless (anyway it will be amusing) to prove the truth of the Tut-Ankh-Amen fable. I am sending you materials and sealed instructions with which to perform the task. For the regard you once bore me, do not fail now. Wire me the results.

Yours as ever,

Sahlat — Harum."

Harum! My beloved friend! Harum, the Egyptian priestess at Kahlarya, whom I thought buried under the tomb of her father — but I will not go any further into that. It was like a beckoning from the dead. For a few moments the room reeled. Then my senses came back to me.

Should I do it? Why not? If Harum

told the truth (and I had no reason for doubting it) it would be harmless and of scientific value. For science I would do anything.

Eight o'clock found me following Harum's instructions. I was seated in a soft chair, attired in a gorgeous robe of green silk, with scrawly dragons embroidered on it with fine gold thread. On my head was a scarf, with the ends hanging down my back, while encircling my forehead was the coiled snake of Egyptian Royalty. A small stand, supporting a silver bowl, was in front of me, while in the bowl was a handful of the herb, taranya. Carefully I scratched a match and lit the herb

Clouds — trees — chaotic mountains of rock — all passed before me in rapid succession. A few minutes, and I found myself on the banks of the Nile — I, the proud king, Tut-Ankh-Amen. I was seated in a

richly decorated chariot, surrounded by courtiers, slaves, and captives from Greece — a puny little territory on the shores of the Agean Sea, as they called it — we named it the Hotep Sea in honor of one of our gods. But to resume.

On a rough litter dragged by two horses, lay a great tawny lioness, our spoil for that day's chase. She had cost us dear, for under a covering lay three of my royal guard. As I stood sadly reflecting what my folly in killing the lioness had cost, I heard the low hiss of a snake, followed by the soft clapping of palms — the signal for a council meeting.

What treachery was plotted? We had no need of a council meeting, unless, perhaps, Penases — but never mind, we will not delve into that. Only, woe to the traitors who fell into my hands — they would die in the snake pit. A command was given, and the chariots rumbled their way to the brink of the river, where the flat-boats awaited us. The man who invented those flat-boats (for taking accoutrements of war across the Nile) had received great land and honor. He was now a prince of the realm. In a moment the chariots were upon them, and we were lazily floating down stream to Cairo. There was absolute silence except for the soft swish of the water, the faint snatches of song from the soldier's barge, and the slow whinny of a horse. Picturesque clumps of palms stood dark against the glowing sunset. In the golden waters of the great river, a crocodile

lashed his tail to and fro. Soon the temple came in view.

"Ho! Besiri!" shouted a waiting guard to his companions. "The Great King is here! Open the gate."

I passed into the temple, and, with a clang, the brazen gates shut behind me. It is not for me to tell what happened at that council meeting. That is for the scribes. But I was insulted and war was declared against the country we call Phelasria.

The last three weeks have been like a nightmare! Always the glowing sun above and the glaring sand beneath our feet! What is this? A challenge from my enemy Penases is thrust into my hands. I utter a shout of defiance, and I advance to fight Penases, while our armies watch the combat.

Penases and I have been fighting for three hours. I am tired — the sand is warm and slippery — I fall. And I see Penases' face thrust into mine, in his eyes a glow of hatred. Trees — clouds — smoke — I am sitting in the chair, bending over the ashes of the herb.

Every evening Sir Gilbert goes to his room, drapes the silken robe about him, and inhales the fumes of the herb. And there is always an attendant outside his door. Perhaps he is insane, perhaps the whole thing is a dream, but there are the gown, the herb, and the bowl from which he would not be separated. Who knows?



Palm Beach Conversation

By MADELAINE KROLL, '24

My Deah! You look simply stunning!
What *do* you do to your hair
To keep the color from running?
It must be an awful care!

I don't know why I came down here.
I think it's a beastly bore!
I guess I must have forgotten
For I've often been here before.

Well, I guess it is time I was flitting,
I ought to be down at the pier;
You know how I hate to leave you.
I really adore you, My Deah!

Oh no! This is *not* my first season
We've been coming here simply for *years!*
Just now we're down at the Gordon's
Do you know them? They're *perfect* dears.

We're just down here for the week-end,
Our villa is up on the Bay,
You really must come up and see us
Our parties are awfully gay.

Thoughts by the Fireside

By BARRETT GETCHELL, '23

Do you like to sit by the fireplace on a cold night and watch the ever-changing miracles being wrought before you? It is a pleasure to which no one, I believe, is insensible. When the fire is just lighted, the flames leap up in joyous expectancy vying with one another to go farthest up the chimney. The sparks burst forth in never-ending streams, streaking up the chimney like miniature meteors, leaving their radiance behind them. Under the logs, the coals begin to form, piling up, to shape in the imagination, huge castles with pillars of fire and turrets of blazing coals that rear their heads upward into the black heavens. Around the castles dance the fire nymphs

in many curious shapes, flinging their arms about as the wind flings the branches of the trees. Below runs a fiery stream, carrying in its flood the fire demon who darts out many tongues of flame, passing around the end of a large log-cliff and finally fading into the ashen distance.

The fire dies down. Nothing is left but glowing embers embedded in a field of whitening ashes. Now and then, a spurt of sparks reveals the life that is still within the coals. The heat-waves shimmer in front of the glow, making the whole seem like a fanciful dream, weaving itself into our drowsing thoughts as we drop off to peaceful slumber.



Such Sadness

By MIRIAM FOWLE, '23

(This is a true example of the work of the modern author at his best.)—*Editor's Note.*

Time—Ten o'clock on a dull day.

Place—A corner grocery store: the proprietor is seated near a small stove at the rear of the store.

CHARACTERS

The Proprietor.

The Sad Man.

The store door suddenly opens and the sad man enters. He is a man who looks sad from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots. There are deep care lines on his forehead, his eyes are red and anxious looking, and his tattered coat is drawn in at the waist by a wide leather belt.

The Sad Man: "May I sit down? I want to tell you something."

Proprietor: "Certainly, but can I get you anything?"

S. M.: (Slowly wipes his eyes, slowly turns around and slowly answers) "Nothing." (Silence reigns for a few moments).

S. M.: "Sir, it makes me feel sad when I reflect that we have all got to die."

P.: "Yes?"

S. M.: "Christopher Columbus is dead! And who feels bad about it — who sheds a tear over his loss? He is gone and we shall never see him again! You and I must soon follow him, and the world will go on just the same."

P.: "I don't know about the soon part, but I suppose we've all got to die some time."

S. M.: "Andrew Jackson is dead. Yes, Andrew has been gathered, and a good man has gone from among us. Sir, it may not be a week before you or I will be called upon to rest from the labors of this life. Doesn't it make you feel sad when you think of it? The world will go right on."

P.: "Of course we've got to die some time, but why worry over it? The world can't stop for the death of one man, no matter how great he is."

S. M.: "That's what makes me sad—that's why I weep these tears! (Here he wrings his long peaked nose with vigorous grief.) William Penn is also dead. Once in a great

while I hear someone express sorrow, but as a general rule, the world has forgotten William with the rest. Doesn't it make you feel sad?"

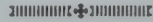
P.: "I don't have time to think of these things." (He picks up a handy shovel and gently passes it from one hand to the other.)

S. M.: "And Shakespeare's gone too. We may sigh and sigh and wish and wish, but poor

Shaky will never be with us again. Aren't you sad?"

P.: "No I can't say I am. Did you want any groceries this morning?"

S. M.: "Can you talk to me of groceries when I am so sad? I will admit that I'm badly in need of a little money. Thank you." (The sad man exits with the spoils).



Sarah Bernhardt

PAR HENRY S. LEONARD, '23

Sarah Bernhardt était une célèbre actrice française. Elle était de la naissance juive, mais on l'a baptisée dans la religion chrétienne d'accord avec le désir de son père. Alors elle a passé ses ans de l'âge tendre dans un convent. En entrant dans la Conservatoire de Paris en 1858, elle a reçu des prix seconds dans la tragédie et la comédie. Son début professionnel en 1862 a fait avec Iphigénie de Racine, mais il n'y avait pas beaucoup de succès. Alors elle s'est occupée du burlesque, mais elle a manqué à attirer plus d'attention. Son premier grand succès était en Ruy Blas, en 1867. En 1872 on a invité Madame Bernhardt au Théâtre Française, ou elle a manqué autrefois; et bientôt

elle a gagné un grand triomphe dans Le Sphinx et plus tard comme Doña Sol dans Hernani par Victor Hugo. Elle a commencé à faire des tours des pays de l'Europe et elle a ajouté plusieurs pièces à son répertoire.

Sur ces intrefaites elle avait rompu toutes ses relations avec le Théâtre Française et on l'a forcée à payer cent mille francs pour la violation de promesse. L'année prochaine elle s'est mariée à Damala, un actor grec, mais l'année prochaine elle s'est séparée de lui. Alors elle a fait les tours du monde entier. Elle a continué à faire cela jusqu'à l'année de son mort. Elle est morte ce printemps. On dit que la France n' a pas pleuré tant depuis la mort de Victor Hugo.



Une Surprise Plaisante

PAR HELEN KROOG, '23

C'était une nuit très obscure et tranquille!

Ma famille est allée au théâtre et j'étais seule. Je lisais un livre très excitant et animé, quand j'ai entendu quelqu'un qui montait l'escalier lentement et doucement. Je suis restée immobile et j'ai écouté attentivement. L'importun a fait sonner la cloche trois fois. Un bruit confondu a suivi, puis il a fait silence. Je me suis hâtée à la porte, et je n'y ai trouvé personne.

Depuis qu'il ne s'est rien passé, j'ai recommencé à lire. Une heure s'est écoulée quand un autre bruit s'est présenté dehors,

et une seconde fois la personne mystérieuse a sonné la cloche.

"Qui vient ici à une telle heure," j'ai pensé, "et pourquoi disparaît-il si vite." "Que veut-il?"

Cette fois je me suis esquivée tout doucement et avec circonspection de ma chaise confortable, et j'ai décidé à chercher la cause de cette commotion. En tremblant je me suis approchée de la porte, et j'ai éclairé la lumière du porche. Personne n'était là. J'ai ouvert la porte et deux beaux paniers de mai ont apparu devant mes yeux!

Un Genie Du Monde

PAR HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

La grande actrice française, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, est morte après une longue vie dévouée à l'art. Sa carrière au Théâtre Française était "brillante" — c'est tout. Si elle était restée avec ce temple le plus grand de son art, elle serait restée une d'une troupe brillante, mais il était inévitable qu'elle s'élève de plus en plus.

Elle est devenue un personnage du monde par le travail difficile et dût. Son talent surpassait les limites nationales, et surpassait les limitations de son métier immédiat.

Elle était aussi un bon peintre, un bon sculpteur, et elle connaissait l'histoire, la politique, et l'ethnologie; elle était une étudiante de la vie humaine, et elle y avait beaucoup de sympathie et de dévotion fidèle.

La vie était son dieu et elle est morte sur son autel enfin.

Le secret du pouvoir de Madame Bernhardt était le combinaison subtile d'une personnalité qui se donnait à la vie avec l'éducation la plus haute et la plus complète. L'acteur le plus fameux de l'Amerique est connu pour un rôle, peut-être pour deux. Sarah Bernhardt est connue pour deux cents rôles et pas un d'eux dans sa rendition était comme un autre.

Il faut qu'on lui attribue quelques succès; sans lesquels il faudrait estimer son art simplement comme l'art et pas comme le génie aventurant. Quoiqu'elle soit, il n'est pas probable que le monde voie une telle pour longtemps.



Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon

PAR BASSFORD GETCHELL, '23

Le neuf mars, la plupart des élèves des classes françaises sont allés à Boston pour voir "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," présenté par les élèves de l'Université de Boston. La représentation était particulièrement intéressante parce que c'était la même pièce que notre classe a donnée l'année passée.

Le divertissement a commencé à trois heures dans la salle de Jacob Sleeper qui est située en arrière de la Bibliothèque publique de Boston.

Il nous a surpris agréablement d'apprendre que M. Albert Morris, gradué du lycée de Needham était un des personnages.

Malheureusement, il fallait que quelques-uns partissent avant la fin pour qu'ils ne manquassent pas le train.

Je crois que l'élève qui a joué le rôle de M. Perrichon s'a conduit particulièrement bien. Il a parlé d'une voix claire et distincte. Ce n' était pas si facile de comprendre les femmes à cause du bruit dans l'assistance qui a étouffé leurs voix légères.



L'Inquietude de Moment

PAR BARRETT GETCHELL, '23

Un été, quand j'avais une douzaine d'ans, j'ai passé deux semaines sur une petite île dans le lac Winnepesaukee. Mon père, et mon frère et moi, nous visitons le camp d'un ami. Il y avait encore un garçon là, qui avait le même âge.

Un jour mon père et mon frère sont allés à la pêche. Notre hôte était parti pour la plage pour rapporter des provisions. Cet autre garçon et moi, nous sommes restés seuls sur l'île.

En retournant, mon père et mon frère ont

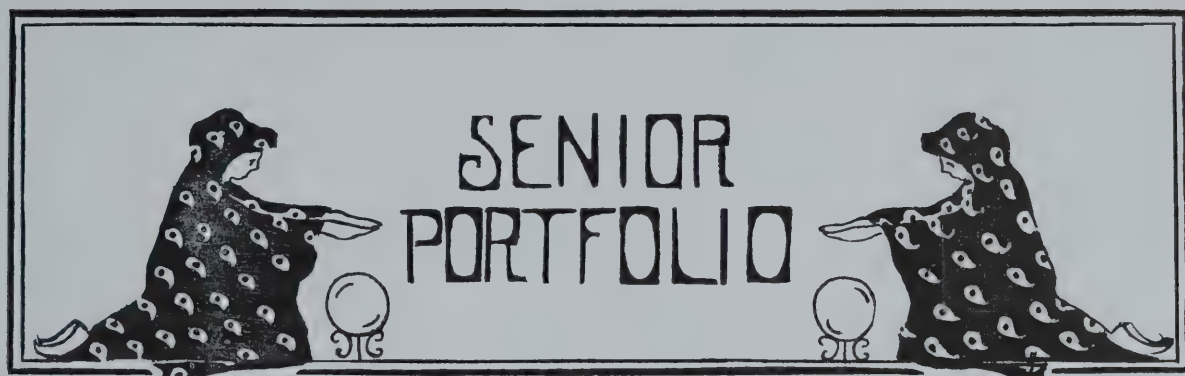
ramé autour d'une autre île, d'où ils ont obtenu leur première vue du camp. Ils ont aperçu que toutes les fenêtres du camp étaient en feu, et puisque le camp a été peint rouge, il leur semblait que la maison entière s'enflammait. Mon père s'est mis à ramer furieusement, pensant que nous avions fait une mauvaise affaire, et quand il s'en était approché assez de près, il s'est tourné et regardé le camp. Tout était comme il faut. Ce qu'il avait vu, c'était seulement la réflexion du soleil dans les fenêtres.



To Catiline

By HELEN KROOG, '23

How long, O Catiline, will you conspire
 To stir revolt within the walls of Rome,
 And vex the people for a mere desire?
 Your treacherous plots and deeds are not unknown.
 The meetings at a certain follower's home
 Are not so secret as you may have thought.
 Your fortune as a candidate at Rome
 Now instigates you to avenge your lot.
 Depart, O Catiline, with all your band,
 And free the city of conspiracy.
 Make haste to Manlianus's camp, to any land
 Far distant from all tempting evil flee.
 Be gone, immediately; that's my advice,
 For opportunity's not offered twice.



DAVID FORSAITH GOURD

*"The rule of the many is not well,
One must be chief in war and one, the king."*

Date of birth — January 31, 1905.

Place of birth — Quincy, Mass.

"Dave's" four years' service as class president can hardly be compared to a monarchical reign. He's not that kind but he certainly makes a tactful and sympathetic presiding officer and he has manifested excellent qualities of leadership. Many think that he ought to become a public speaker, a lawyer, perhaps, or a minister. But who knows? He may have thought of something quite different.

Class President 1, 2, 3 and 4. Senior Play.



GRACE GOODWIN OSBORNE

"The light that lies in woman's eyes."

Date of birth — June 4, 1905.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Grace must always be remembered for her artistic tastes. Besides faithfully serving as Art Editor, she is famous for her dancing. This picture isn't the real Grace now, for she has had her hair bobbed recently.

This charming young lady is another one of our class who will enter Miss Wheelock's Training School. We know the children will be happy under her gentle guidance.

Vice-President 4. **Advocate** Board 3, 4. Movie Night Performances.

The Advocate



FLORENCE MAY ALLEN

"But never cared for speech."

Date of birth — May 9, 1903.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Florence is quiet and unobtrusive, but that's nothing against her. She's conscientious and thoughtful and a very (er) nice classmate to have. Her friends say she accomplishes more work than any other girl in the typewriting class because she never wastes words, but gets right to work and sticks at it. Compliments are flying.



DOROTHEA CARHART ASHTON

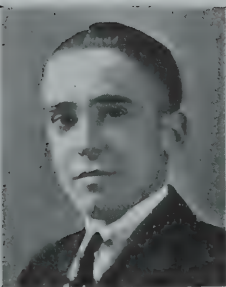
"Woman at last a contradiction still."

Date of birth — July 3, 1906.

Place of birth — Brookline, Mass.

"Dot" is one of the best liked girls in our class even though she has "high blood pressure." She finds outside interests far more absorbing than school. Her classmates think, from her success as the adorable flapper in the Senior Play, that she is suited to a stage career, but she claims that a position as social or private secretary sounds very good to her. Next year she is going to enter Miss McClintock's and from there expects to emerge a practical and efficient business woman.

Class Secretary 3. Senior Play 4. Movie Night Performances.



LOUIS BROWN

"A little man sometimes cast a long shadow."

Date of birth — April 14, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

"Brownie" must have been intended for a comedian or some sort of an actor. Anyone who saw him as the Chinaman in the K. O. K. A. play has no doubt on that score. His characterization was without a flaw. We wish we could have seen more of him in the Senior Play! Mechanics and Wentworth seem rather interesting to Louis just now.

Senior Play.



STUART JONATHAN BUGBEE

"Tis not knowing much but what is useful that makes the man."

Date of birth — April 21, 1905.

Place of birth — Wollaston, Mass.

Stuart is probably the best informed boy in the class for he can intelligently discuss almost any subject at *great* length. He's interested in everything and does everything he attempts well; particularly does he enjoy delving into science, and his conversation ably testifies to his understanding of the subject. Technology will number him among its students next fall and we will expect great things of him some day.

Treasurer 3. **Advocate** 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3. Valedictorian.



ELIZABETH FRANCES CURLEY

"Look for goodness, look for gladness;

You will meet them all the while.

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you'll meet a smile."

Date of birth — May 1, 1905.

Place of birth — Beachmont, Mass.

Some day we are going to be very proud of Elizabeth for she has the persevering determination that accomplishes wonders. A good proof of this we find in her persistent effort and final triumph as a prize speaker. Her absolute lack of self consciousness makes her a pleasing and convincing speaker. If Framingham doesn't make a school teacher of her perhaps she may be woman senator from Utah.

Norwood Debate 2. Prize Speaking 2-3-4. Senior Play. Class Reader.



MARGARET DONALD

"In small proportions we just beauties see

And in short measures life may perfect be."

Date of birth — September 18, 1905.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

"Peggy" (not Margaret, if you please) is a master of the terpsichorean art. She seems to enjoy dancing, for as soon as anyone tunes up at recess, "Peggy" is up and away till time for next class. She has a good imagination and a delightfully fanciful way of wording her thoughts. Better go to B. U. after all, "Peggy."

The Advocate



FRANCIS HENRY EATON

*"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's;
Thy God's and truth's."*

Date of birth — November 11, 1904.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Fat's" curls are the envy of all the girls and the delight of the boys. However, he has a serious nature, as well as a vocabulary which is the envy of the English Division. Francis is rather more serious than some of his classmates, but he's good fun just the same. Patriotic subjects interest "Fat" and his poems and essays make us sit up and take notice. Next year he's going to the School of Business Administration at B. U.

Senior Play.



HOMER BLANCHARD ELLIOT

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

Date of birth — September 1, 1905.

Place of birth — Auburndale, Mass.

When it comes to dry humor, let us take off our hats to "Zoe" Elliot. In English his *satirical* compositions constantly keep us in spasms. His good-natured grin and twinkly eyes give him a very happy expression which is most contagious. Next fall he's going to take up electrical engineering at Northeastern.

Football 2-3-4. Senior Play.



ANNETTE LOUISE ENGSTROM

"Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me."

Date of birth — July 14, 1903.

Place of birth — Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Annette is always worrying about something. If it isn't shorthand, it's history. We wish she'd cheer up, for we enjoy her so much when she's feeling jolly. "Engie" knows just exactly the kind of position she wants next year, but she claims that such golden opportunities don't grow on every tree. Here's hoping Annette that you *do* find some nice doctor who's just dying for lack of an efficient person to answer his telephone and make out his statements!

Treasurer 1. Orchestra 1-2. Cheer Leader 2-3-4. Senior Play.



MIRIAM FLORENCE FOWLE

*"The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness."*

Date of birth — November 30, 1902.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

At last! Here's a girl who adores shorthand and typewriting! It ought not to be very difficult for "Mim" to decide what to do in the future. However, shorthand isn't the only thing she can do. Miriam possesses a remarkably active imagination and a talent for expressing her written thoughts in a delicate and fascinating way. We hope she won't allow this ability to become rusty.



BARRETT GARDNER GETCHELL

"Oh heaven! Were man but constant he were perfect!"

Date of birth — March 12, 1906.

Place of birth — Waltham, Mass.

"Brat," he of the profile, is "noble and wise and shuns all savage amusement," (according to himself). He makes a fine looking hero and consequently he has appeared dramatically many times during his High School career. He states that he has not yet decided what he will become, but we know that it will be something worthy of the high expectations his classmates have for him. Next year, however, he will continue his work at Colby.

Prize speaking 2-3-4. **Advocate** 3-4. Senior Play.



BASSFORD CASE GETCHELL

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"

Date of birth — July 5, 1904.

Place of birth — Barrington, Me.

"Bass" himself admits "that he's more at home in the great outdoors than on the ballroom floor." He's quiet but exceedingly jolly when he forgets himself. Bass's favorite occupations are delivering specials and cooking, but whether his life work will be "culinarily" inclined he hasn't yet decided. He and "Brat" compose the eighth wonder of the world, the "bareheaded twins". Like his brother, "Bass" is going to Colby next fall.

Senior Play.

The Advocate



ELINOR JACKSON

*"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever."*

Date of birth — February 8, 1906.

Place of birth — Roslindale, Mass.

"Jack" is one of our most musical classmates, and the nicest part of this talented young lady is that she can play both classical and popular music with equal skill. Elinor herself, however, sometimes considers this ability somewhat of a nuisance for people are always clamoring for her to perform just when she most wants to dance herself. Well, "Jack," there's nothing like being obliging you know. All aboard for Simmons!

Vice-President 1. Orchestra 1-2-3. Prize Speaking 3. **Advocate** 3-4. Secretary 4. Senior Play.



MARY FRANCES JACOBY

"Mix reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Date of birth — April 30, 1904.

Place of birth — Sydney, Cape Breton, Canada.

Mary is a recent acquisition to our throng, but she's none the less beloved on that account. She's always hurrying somewhere, accompanied, in school, by her books, and outside, by her dog. We've heard reports from Watertown of Mary's ability as a writer of short stories and the **Advocate** has given us more proof. Oh, Mary, why be a stenographer when you might be a novelist!



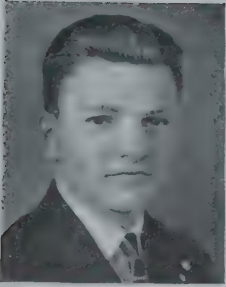
MARGUERITE KEHOE

"Her might is gentleness; she winneth her way by a soft word and by a tender look."

Date of birth — October 20, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Many of Marguerite's friends envy her mass of glorious, brown hair. Outside of class and inside she is very reticent but she never neglects her lessons; she excels in shorthand and typewriting. She hopes soon to enter a Boston Hospital to train for a nurse. Here's hoping she enjoys it as she possesses the requisite qualities — kindness, courtesy and patience.



ERNEST RAYMOND KEITH

*"How happy is he born or taught
Whose armour is his honest thought."*

Date of birth — December 21, 1904.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

A silent person he is most times, but if, as they say, silence is an evidence of wisdom, then Ernest has a very copious stock of it. However, when he does speak, his remarks are accurate and to the point. "Tutie" expects to wile away his time in the bank next year. If he doesn't like that, we suggest an English Professorship.

Treasurer 4. Senior Dance 4. Stage Manager. Senior Dance 4.



RUTH PHILLIPS KEITH

*"A happy heart for yourself you'll find
By being loving and true and kind."*

Date of birth — May 30, 1904.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

With due seriousness we can say that Ruth is probably the most dutiful one of our class in attending church services, but nevertheless she is not a very prim girl, and enjoys activities both social and athletic. Her abstraction at times causes us to wonder what the subject of her dreaming and meditation is.

Next year Ruth will either work or attend Burdett's. We would like it to be the latter, but whatever this sweet, gentle girl does, our best wishes go with her.

Basket-ball. Debating Club 2. Usher, Senior Play.



JOHN TORREY KENNEY

"And I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Date of birth — December 7, 1904.

Place of birth — Salem, Mass.

This gentleman's High School work has been rather divided, for although his first efforts were in the Commercial Department, this year saw him in all the College Preparatory divisions.

John has done admirable work as one of the cheer leaders and when we consider his powerful display of oratory, we are not surprised to learn that he plans to be a lawyer, and will enter some school yet undecided upon, next year. Take compassion, John, if any of your old classmates should be on those courtly records some day.

Class Treasurer 2. **Advocate** Board 3-4. Prize Speaking 2-3.

Cheer Leader 3-4. Senior Play. *Chronicle* Essay Prize Winner.

The Advocate



EVELYN ELIZABETH KING

"O gentle, loving, trusting friend."

Date of birth — August 8, 1904.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

After an absence of two years, we are glad to say Evelyn returned to us and so will graduate with her old school friends. She is a good athlete and shows marked executive ability. Her greatest ambition is to teach and as she is also very fond of little children, we prophesy success and happiness for her after she has completed a course at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School.



ALBERTA DORIS KOLDENBORG

"I may look quiet, but —"

Date of birth — October 3, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

We never knew what an athlete Alberta was until she came out for Track the other day, and saw her throw that basket-ball. Don't we wish we had a girl's baseball team! Alberta doesn't yet know in what profession she will specialize, although office work appears to have an attraction. We understand she has quite a record for attendance during her high school course, and if she is as faithful in her future work, we know there will be very little cause for complaint.



FRANCES ISABEL KROLL

*"'Tis the mind that giveth grace
To the charms of form and face."*

Date of birth — April 7, 1905.

Place of birth — Cambridge, Mass.

Frances is one of the most popular and talented members of our class. Her pleasant smile and winning personality have found their way into many hearts. Her class comments seldom lack a touch of humor and are always of interesting worth. Perhaps she will become an author after finishing Wheaton College, but then, so varied are her aptitudes, we can only say she has a promising future awaiting her.

Class Secretary 2. Prize Speaking 3-4. **Advocate** 3-4. Senior Play. Debating Club 3-4. Basket ball 3-4.



HELEN DINTER KROOG

*"A pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the sunshine
And as tender as the skies."*

Date of birth — March 11, 1906.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Helen or "Dinty," as we are prone to call her at times, is too quiet for a girl with so many abilities. We wish she would let her classmates, as a whole, hear more from her. Besides gaining honors for scholastic abilities, Helen is very musical and desires to be a concert pianist. Next year Helen will be at Holyoke, where we know her sweet and gentle way will bring her many friends.

Debating Club 2-3. Vice-President 3.



HENRY SIGGINS LEONARD

"Thy words convince me; all my doubts are vanished."

Date of birth — December 19, 1905.

Place of birth — West Newton, Mass.

"Hank" is our greatest Shakesperian interpreter. His power of declamation is powerful and telling. When we have our class reunion in some future year, we expect to listen to his company of Shakesperian players. He is going to Harvard next fall where he will no doubt make a name for himself as he has in High School. This summer he will appear as a bookseller, so if anyone wants a "Standard Dictionary of Facts" apply to "Hank."

Debating Club 2-3. Prize Speaking 2-3-4. The Advocate 3-4. Senior Play. Class Prophecy.



JAMES BIRNEY LINN

*"Be always as merry as ever you can,
For no one delights in a sorrowful man."*

Date of birth — December 3, 1902.

Place of birth — Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Birney is always good-natured. It seems as though no one could arouse his ire. We are told that he has aspirations to be a dancer on the stage and, from various demonstrations we have witnessed, we think he'd make a good one.

Football 2-3-4. Senior Play.

The Advocate



ARTHUR MULLEN

"Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends."

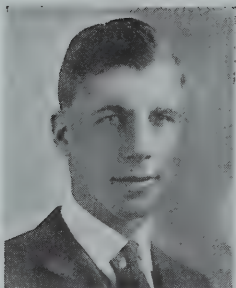
Date of birth — June 3, 1904.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Oh, Mullen, please cut this stencil for me." This is the frequent remark addressed to Arthur, since it has been discovered he especially dislikes such inky work. His dramatic abilities are by no means limited as we witnessed in the Senior Play and elsewhere. Perhaps he is so often assigned to the girl's parts because of his beautiful big, brown eyes.

We cannot definitely state where Arthur will be next year, although we shouldn't be surprised if it was in the office of the William Gorse Company.

Senior Play. Baseball Manager 4. Football 3-4.



JOHN FRANCIS O'CONNOR

"A mighty man is he."

Date of Birth — November 22, 1904.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

We didn't surmise John was such an actor until we viewed him in the Senior Play where he certainly won laurels. "The greatest left-hand pitcher in the world." Who can doubt that such a future may be possible although he is more famous for football. Don't engage in an argument with John; you might be worsted, for his persuasive abilities are copious as witnessed in the recent class debate. We dare not say what John will do in the future, but we don't doubt it will be something startling.

Senior Play. Football 2-3-4. **Advocate** 3-4.

Prize Speaking Contest 4. Baseball 2-3-4.



BENJAMIN EDWARD PHILLIPS, JR.

*"We grant, altho he has much wit
He's very shy in using it."*

Date of birth — March 2, 1905.

Place of birth — Dedham, Mass.

Behold our golf enthusiast! Many of us never suspected that this quiet young gentleman was such an ardent sportsman, but then, how often these same quiet people do surprise us! However, he does not allow his love for this "ancient game" to interfere with his school work to which he is exceptionally attentive and faithful. Ben has often entertained his class by reading Judge Shute's books. We defy anyone to better interpret the yankee dialect than Ben.

We are sure his excellent tendencies augur his success in the scientific studies he is planning to take up next year.

Senior Play. Debating Club 3.



NATHANIEL PATTEN RAND

"A genial optimist, who daily drew from what he saw his quaint moralities."

Date of birth — June 2, 1904.

Place of birth, — Auburn, R. I.

Nat is so good-natured and obliging that we fear he is often imposed upon. Lucky are they who have ever been in his English division. His humor there is peculiarly his own, especially in his oral themes which always delight us. Nat doesn't yet know what he will do in the future, but we sincerely hope he will not be so indulgent as Clarence.

Senior Play. Debating Club 2-3. Football Manager. **Advocate** 3-4.

RUTH MARY RICHARDS

"How calm she comes on."

Date of birth — December 6, 1905

Place of birth — Buffalo, N. Y.

Who would suspect our dignified Ruth of such argumentative powers as displayed fifth period? If you don't believe us consult the history instructor. Outside of school studies, Ruth is really quite a bookish person. Among her favorite authors must be mentioned Oscar Wilde. She has many times burned the midnight oil with such light trash (?). After a post-graduate course, Ruth hopes to study domestic science at some college. How about Simmons? We regret exceedingly that we were unable to get a picture of Ruth.

Basket-ball 2.



BLANCHE FRANCES SALT

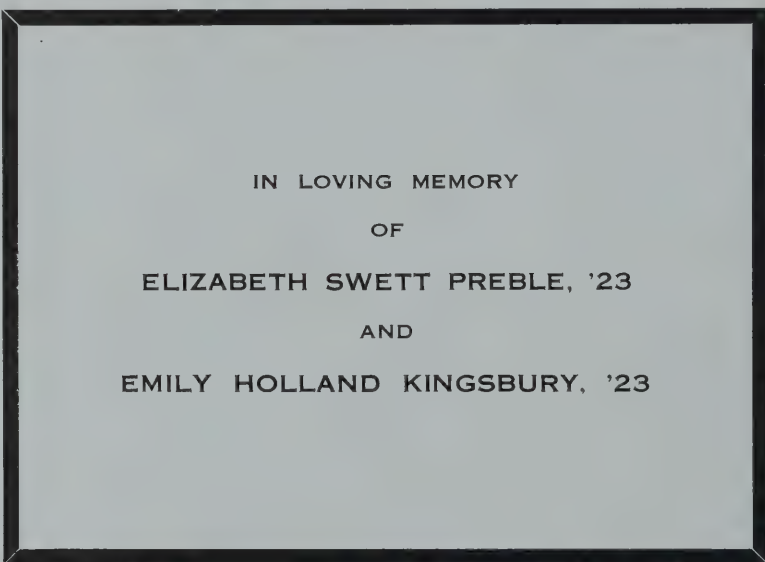
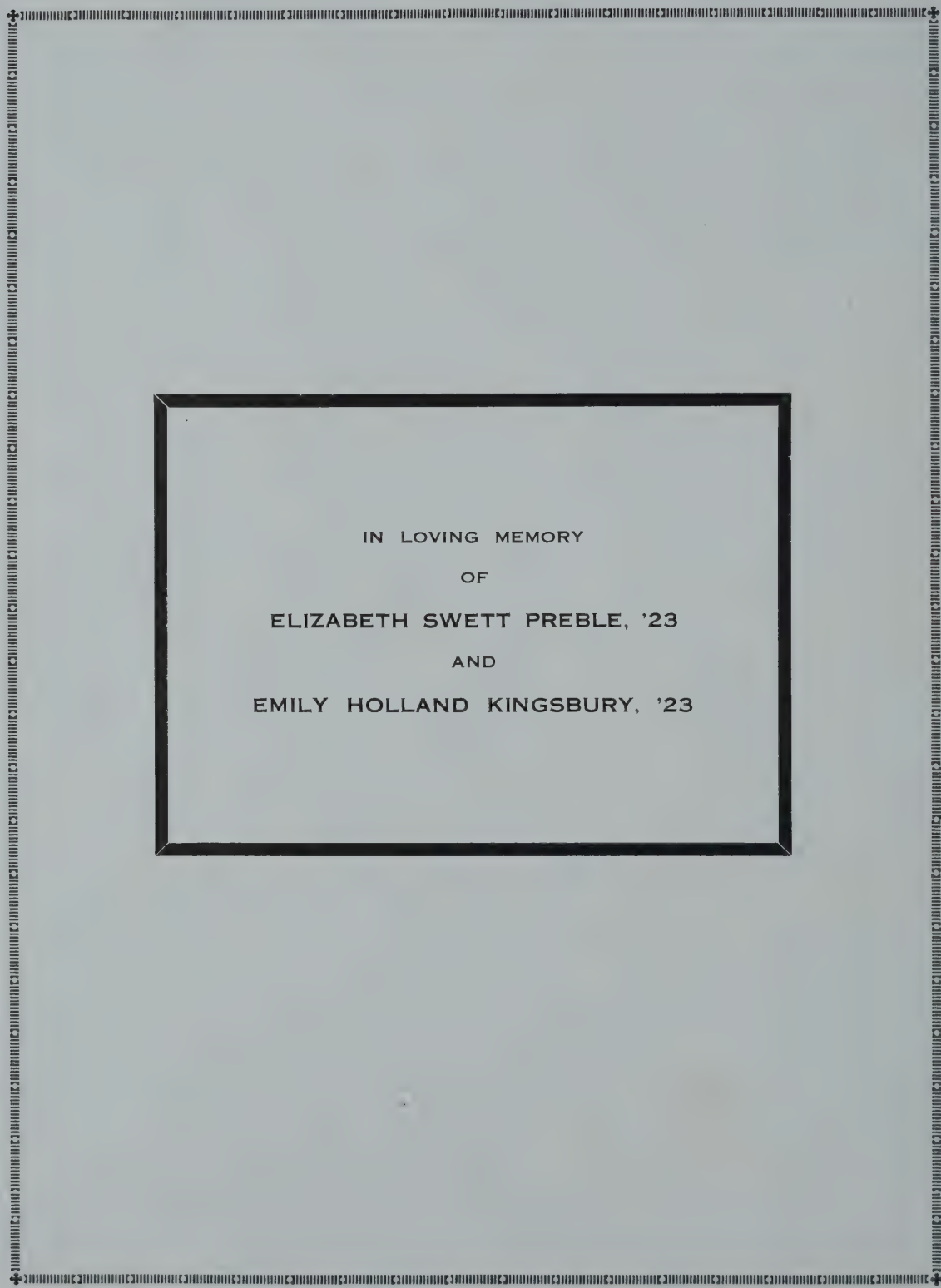
*"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*

Date of birth — March 23, 1905.

Place of birth — Brookline, Mass.

This year attendance slips have more or less been associated with this demure maiden. Although shorthand seems to have an especial attraction for Blanche, nevertheless her aims are not in the direction of office work, as she plans to be a nurse. Whoever is administered to by her will surely be lucky. We are all glad to have had her as a cheerful and happy friend.

Movie Nights. Class Stunt 2. Basket-ball 2-3.



IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
ELIZABETH SWETT PREBLE, '23
AND
EMILY HOLLAND KINGSBURY, '23

Reflections

By HENRY LEONARD, '23

Oh, who can remember a dream long gone,
 A dream from the dim yesterdays,
 A dream filled with hopes of the great things to come,
 A dream, crystal dream, edged with haze?

Oh, who can remember some kind deed done,
 One done in the far distant days,
 A deed that reflected the warmth of a sun,
 Done kindly, not mindful of praise?

Oh, who will remember a school life fond,
 Remember those days none so dear,
 Remember a time that bound friends with strong bond,
 And urged us to still higher spheres?

Oh, who will remember a friend since passed,
 Who came to your aid at each nod,
 Who now is from sight but is not from you cast,
 For both are yet ruled by one God?

The Advocate



NEWTON LAWRENCE STATA

*"It is well to be wise and
'Tis better to be good."*

Date of birth — July 5, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Just show me a shorthand book and I'll be in heaven." Shorthand is Newton's favorite *aversion*. We suggest to alleviate the trouble, he invent a new method. It wasn't until recently that we ever encountered this young man at any of the dances but now he is always present!

This member of our class capably fills the niche in life that the good fates allotted to him. Newton has not decided yet what he will be doing next year, but whatever he attempts he has our heartiest wishes for success.



ALVIRA WINIFRED VARA

"She that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

Date of birth — March 16, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Alvira is another one of the quiet members of our class, but we know that in the future her faithfulness and sincerity will help her to success. Shorthand and typewriting are her specialties, although rumor has it that American History has first place among the subjects she favors. Alvira is planning to enter the ranks of the business world next year. We wish her luck.



WINIFRED MARTHA WHETTON

"Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern."

Date of birth — August 23, 1905.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Winnie has occasional spasms of frowning, sulking we might say, during certain periods when she is asked to recite, but most of the time we are allowed the sunny side of her nature, which is a sunny side indeed.

A lady doctor? That's what our Winnie says she wants to become, but don't get alarmed, for her business inclination are apt to change as the seasons and oftener. However, whatever she does, we know her qualities as a good comrade and friend will bring her welcome.

Senior Play. Basket-ball 2. Debating Club 2-3.



ROSWELL CONVERSE WHITMORE, JR.

"Is but our friend and comrade still."

Date of birth — September 9, 1905.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Roswell is noted for his peculiar delight in combining various chemicals — moral, reject all offers of perfume.

This young man has a hobby of trapping. If you should ever visit the frozen north, don't forget that your old classmates like fur coats. Picking mandolins is another hobby of Roswell's. We hope Tech will be able to count him among its number, but if he does decide to enter the business world, we know his willing nature will stand him in good stead.

Debating Club 2-3. Football 3. Senior Play.



HARRIET WILLIAMS

*"Enough; and leave the rest to Fame!
'Tis to command her, but to name."*

Date of birth — May 9, 1906.

Place of birth — Malden, Mass.

Harriet is a conscientious, earnest student and we were not surprised when we heard that she was going to graduate with honors. As a speaker, she has often been heard at High School gatherings. Harriet says she has not yet chosen her career but she is planning to study for a secretarial position. Next year she'll be commuting to Simmons.

Norwood Debate 2. Orchestra 2-3. **Advocate** 3-4. Salutatorian.



CLARA LOUISE WILM

"Mistress of herself though China fall."

Date of birth — May 27, 1905.

Place of birth — Ithaca, N. Y.

Clara in her usual loud and noisy manner entered our class in the Sophomore year. We didn't even realize she was there for a long time, until she started making speeches from her distant corner in the Latin division. Since then, she has occasionally reminded us of her presence by brilliant outbursts in various languages. As Henriette, in the French play, she made probably the longest speech on record. Next fall will see her established at Boston University.

Senior Play.

Forward

By HENRY S. LEONARD, '23

On this graduation day,
Out our spirits soar,
Led on upward by a light,
To great things that lie before:
 To great thoughts of things to come,
 To great deeds yet to be done,
 To long races to be run;
Onward, upward, through a door.

Through a door to a new chance,
Onward to a greater life,
Forward to a broader view,
Out among strange spirits rife,
 Out into a happy world,
 Out into a saddened world,
 Out into a living world
Step we to the strife.

But our thoughts must ever be
Turning backward, school, to thee,
Thou didst give us what we have,
Thou didst ope our eyes to see,
 That we see our duty near,
 That we see the way so clear,
 That we travel without fear
Out from harbor on life's sea.

CLASS NOTES

The Junior Prom

The Junior Prom was held April 6, 1923, in the Association Hall. The decorations, which consisted of blue and gold streamers, the class colors, were very pretty. During the evening, favors were presented and refreshments served.

The chaperones were: Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Tibbetts, Mrs. McCormack, Miss Springfield and Mrs. Whiting. Music was furnished by Wheeler's Orchestra.

Everyone that was there proclaimed it one of the most enjoyable and successful parties of the season.

Prize Speaking Contest

The annual Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the New Century Club, on the evening of Wednesday, April 15, 1923.

The program went as follows:

Orchestra Selections	Direction of MISS BARTLETT
Dancing Dolls	<i>Seredy-Tocaben</i>
Canzonetta in G	<i>V. Hoilaender</i>
1. Michael Strogoff, Courier of the Czar	<i>Jules Verne</i>
	JERRY BOND, Jr.
2. The Highwayman	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>
	ELEANOR M. RYAN
3. Fame and the Poet	<i>Lord Dunsany</i>
	HENRY S. LEONARD
4. Mark Antony's Oration	<i>William Shakespeare</i>
	JOHN GREEN
5. Act I. The Littlest Rebel	<i>Edward Peple</i>
	ELIZABETH F. CURLEY

INTERMISSION

Orchestra Selections	
La Belle Gavotte	<i>A. T. Granfield</i>
In the Row Boat	<i>P. A. Schnecker</i>

6. An Arrangement of "The Fool" *Channing Pollock*
(By permission of the author) FRANCES I. KROLL
7. The Trail of '98 *Robert W. Service*
JOHN O'CONNOR
8. In the Dark *Anonymous*
GEORGE HANSIS
9. The Shield of the Triple Chevron *Gilbert Parker*
HARRIET WILLIAMS
10. "Penn Remembers Johnstown" (An arrangement
of Captains Courageous) *Rudyard Kipling*
BARRETT GETCHELL

Orchestra Selection

Our National Honor *William Grant Brooks*

Judges:—Miss Jacques of the Whitney Studios, Miss Reynolds of Dedham High School, Miss Haworth of Newton High School.

Miss Elizabeth Curley won the first prize; Henry Leonard, the second prize; and Miss Frances Kroll, the third prize. Mrs. May, President of the New Century Club, made the presentation.

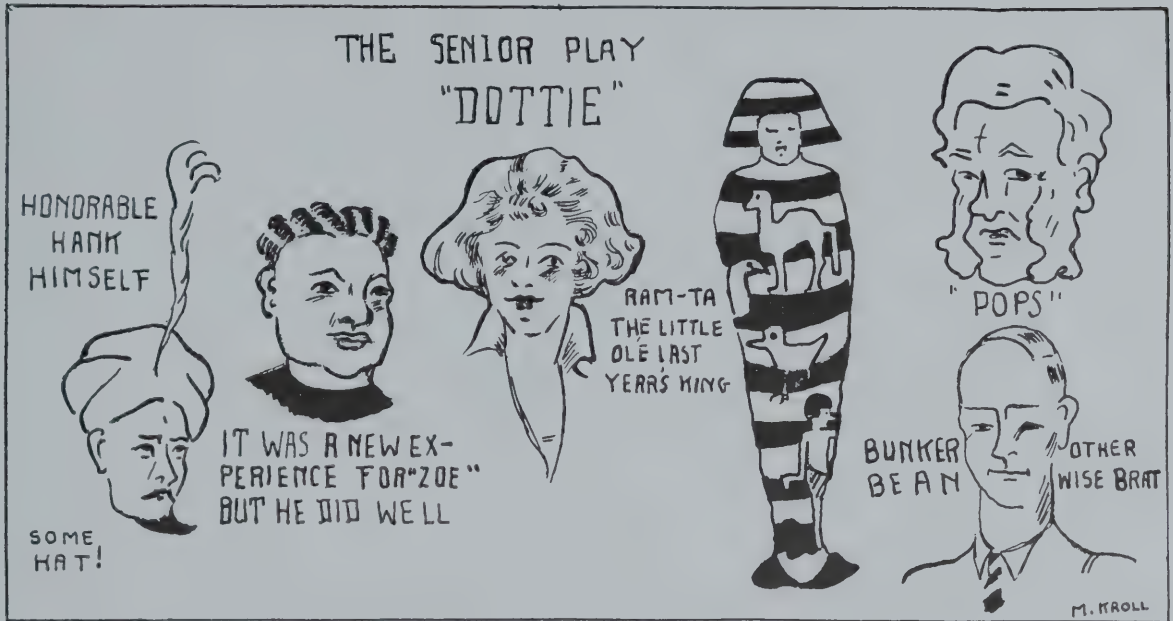
The Senior Prom

The Senior Prom was held on Friday evening, April 27, 1923, in the Association Hall.

The hall was attractively decorated with the class colors of orange and black. During the evening, orange and black balloons were given out, and refreshments were served. The dance was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Getchell and Mrs. Gourd. Two of our teachers, Miss Caswell and Miss Springfield, were also present. Music was furnished by Wheeler's orchestra. From all reports, a good time was enjoyed by all.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



The Senior Play

The Senior Class Play was presented in the Town Hall, Friday evening, May 11, 1923.

The title of the play was: "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," by Lee Wilson Dodd.

The cast was as follows:

Pops	David Gourd
Bulger	Arthur Mullen
Larabee	John Kenney
The Flapper	Dorothea Ashton
Mason	Bassford Getchell
Bunker Bean	Barrett Getchell
The Waster	Nathaniel Rand
Mops	Frances Kroll
Big Sister	Annette Engstrom
Grandma	Elizabeth Curley
The Countess	Elinor Jackson
Maid	Winnifred Whetton
Balthazar	Henry Leonard
Greatest Left-handed Pitcher the World	John O'Connor
Has Ever Known	Clara Wilson
Lizzie Boy	Birney Linn
Louis	Roswell Whitmore
Expressman	Louis Brown
Expressman	Francis Eaton
The Janitor	Homer Elliott
The Very Young Minister	

The acting was certainly commendable, and every detail was carried out well. Music was provided by the High School Orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Bartlett.

The play was coached by Miss Caswell. The cast takes this opportunity of thanking her, and all those who contributed towards making the play a great success.

About five hundred attended the performance.



Student Activity Association

This year it was felt that there should be some scheme adopted whereby the financial system of the school might be benefited.

The matter was for a long time discussed by the Student Council. A plan was suggested of introducing into the school an association called the Student Activity Association.

A committee, consisting of H. Leonard, Miss Jackson and B. Getchell, was appointed to investigate the matter.

Information was obtained from the principal of the Rochester High School, where this Association is in operation.

The Student Council approved with a few changes a Constitution and By-Laws prepared by the committee. The Constitution and By-Laws read as follows:

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

This organization shall be called Needham High School Student Activity Association.

ARTICLE II

The object of the association shall be to finance and to promote the various activities of the High School.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. The officers shall be president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

Section 2. These officers shall appoint a faculty adviser.

Section 3. Student Council and officers elected by student body who are not members of the student council, shall constitute the Executive Board.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1. For annual election of officers one student shall be elected from each class who shall meet with the head master to constitute a nominating committee which shall submit a list of nominees from which shall be chosen the officers for the ensuing year.

Section 2. This list of nominees shall be posted in a conspicuous place one week before election of officers.

Section 3. These officers shall be elected by vote of student body.

ARTICLE V

Section 1. The Executive Board shall have power to transact regular business and to act upon special business when it is not convenient to assemble the entire student body. In case of vacancy in any office the Executive Board may appoint a member to serve until the next election.

Section 2. A meeting shall be called by president or faculty advisor at any necessary time. Eight members shall constitute a quorum.

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I

Section 1. The president shall preside at all meetings; if he is absent the vice-president shall preside.

Section 2. The secretary shall keep a record of all meetings, and shall make a written report of them at the annual meeting.

Section 3. The treasurer shall be the head master, or any person whom the head master shall appoint. He shall make a report to the student at end of school term.

ARTICLE II

Section 1. The faculty advisor shall be a member of all standing committees with power to vote.

Section 2. No business transacted by the Executive Board or any committees shall be valid unless the head master or faculty advisor is present.

Section 3. All records of all meetings must be approved of by the head master to be valid.

ARTICLE III

Section 1. The dues of the Association of which every student shall be a member shall be ten cents weekly; three of which shall be paid to the class treasurer and seven to the Association. Said dues to be collected under direction of teachers and turned over to treasurer immediately and records kept of such payments by teachers.

Section 2. These dues shall continue through twelve weeks for year ending June, 1923.

Section 3. A pupil may be exempt from the dues of the Association upon advice from the Executive Board.

Section 4. Pupils whose dues are paid to date shall be admitted to all Association activities without fees with the exception of Class plays and the Senior and Junior Proms. These Association activities shall include class dues, all baseball games played at home, and any one high school social or activity which may arise before end of school term.

(Continued on page 55)



SPORTS

Baseball

AT HUDSON

Needham 6

Jones, s.s.
Whetton, l.b., r.f.
Mathey, c.f., 2 b.
P. Johnson, c., 3 b.
M. Johnson, 1.f.
Whalen, c.f.
Elliott, 2 b.
Ladd, 3 b.
Gross, p.
Davis, 1 b.
Gaughan, c.

Hudson 20

Lovett, c.
Kenney, 2 b.
McCarty, 3 b.
McGraw, s.s.
Sawyer, r.f.
La France, p.
Panneti, l.f.
Shay, 1 b.
Wheeler, c.f.

The first game of the season was played at Hudson after a week of vacation. This game was used to place men in right positions, and consequently we didn't have a chance against the strong Hudson team. Gross pitched a good game, but was supported poorly by his team mates.

AT NEEDHAM

Needham 0

Jones, s.s.
Bertch, 3 b.

Natick 4

Grady, c.f.
Byron, 2 b.

Whetton, 1 b.
Johnson, 2 b.
Wagner, l.f.
Mathey,
Greene, and
Howe, c.f.
Whelan, Mullen, r.f.
Gaughan, c.
Gross, p.

Estey, p.
A. Dumas, c.
T. Dumas, 1 b.

Hestin, 1 b.
Thompson, r.f.
Hartigan, 3 b.
Kelley, l.f.

The second game of the season was played at Needham against a strong Natick team which had previously held Hudson to a 5-5 score in sixteen innings. Needham put up a snappy defensive game but could not hit Estey's pitching which was of major league calibre, as he struck out twenty men. Wagner got the only hit, a three bagger.

AT NEEDHAM

Needham 6

Wagner, 2 b.
Jones, s.s.
Bertch, 3 b.
Johnson, c.

Marlboro 5

Kenney, s.s.
E. Burns, 1 b.
Manning, 2 b.
Schofield, l.f.

The Advocate

Mathey, r.f.	Lowell, r.f.
Whetton, 1 b.	Works, c.f.
Whelan, c.f.	Lawrence, 3 b.
Mulhern, Howe, l.f.	A. Burns, c.
Gross, p.	Kane, p.

The third game was played at Needham with Marlboro. Marlboro put up a stronger game than was expected and the score was in doubt until the ninth inning. The Needham players who made good hits were Wagner and Whetton, while for Marlboro, Lowell, the right fielder and Kane, the pitcher, played good games.

AT NATICK

<i>Needham 0</i>	<i>Natick 1</i>
Jones, s.s.	Grady, c.f.
Bertch, 3 b.	Byrne, 2 b.
Wagner, r.f.	Estey, p.
Johnson, c.	A. Dumas, s.s.
Mathey, l.f.	T. Dumas, c.
Whetton, 1 b.	Thompson, l.f.
Brealey, Whelan, c.f.	Hestin, 1 b.
Willgoose, 2 b.	Hartigan, 3 b.
Gross, p.	Kelly, l.f.

The fourth game of the season was played at Natick with our old rivals. This game was a pitcher's battle between Estey and Gross, and Gross pitched nothing short of marvelous, for he held Natick to less than three scattered hits while we got seven hits from Estey. Mathey got two nice hits, thereby showing that before the year is over he will be a second Babe Ruth.

AT WELLESLEY

<i>Needham 15</i>	<i>Wellesley 10</i>
Jones, s.s.	Tory, 1 b.
Bertch, 3 b.	Hueg, s. s.
Wagner, l.f.	Campan, 2 b.
Johnson, c.	Smith, p.
Mathey, c.f.	Slamm, c.
Ladd,	Cobb, 3 b.
Greene and	Barrie and Bosset, c.f.
Howe, r.f.	
Whetton, 1 b.	Lynch, r.f.
Willgoose, 1 b.	Proctor, l.f.
Gross, p.	

This game was played Memorial Day before a large holiday crowd, a result which proves that when rivals meet there is always a large attendance. This game was a comedy of errors, although both teams hit the ball hard — especially Needham. Wagner was chief offender, his home run over the railroad track has never before been duplicated.

AT MARLBORO

<i>Needham 10</i>	<i>Marlboro 4</i>
Jones, s.s.	Lawrence, 3 b.
Whetton, 1 b.	Abrams, c.
Wagner, 2 b.	Kenney, r.f.
Johnson, c.	Manning, 2 b.
Mathey, l.f.	Works, c.f.
Bertch, 3 b.	Lowell, l.f.
Gross, p. and r.f.	C. Burns, 1 b.
Whelan, Ladd, c.f.	Schofield, s.s.
Brailey, p. and r.f.	Lynch, p.

The sixth game of the season was played at Marlboro and again Marlboro lost. Gross had them eating out of his hand and they were lucky to score. Johnson, Mathey, and Gross hit the ball hard and the whole team fielded well. Lowell featured for Marlboro, robbing the Needham players of many good hits.

AT NEEDHAM

<i>Needham 16</i>	<i>Dedham 10</i>
Mathey, l.f.	Carey, 2 b.
Whetton, 1 b.	Collens, s.s.
Willgoose, Wagner, 2b.	J. Collens, 3 b.
Johnson, c.	Smith, l.f.
Jones, s.s.	Hartney, 1 b.
Bertsch, 3 b.	MacDonald, r.f.
Gross, p.	Keavey, c.f.
Whelan, Wagner, c.f.	Colliot, c.
Brailey, r.f.	Volk, Carrel, p.

Our friendly rival, Dedham, was played for the first time in many years at Needham on June 6. Although the Dedham players started off like world beaters due to the number of errors behind Gross, they were soon stopped in the fourth inning after our boys settled down. Then started a fusilade of hits by Needham. Wagner, Johnson,

Whetton and Whelan contributed to the eight runs scored in that inning. Dedham had four pitchers in the box trying to stop the slugging of the Needham boys, but to no avail. Then Gross settled down and held Dedham scoreless for the rest of the game.

The baseball season of 1923 started off with Needham still a member of the Midland League along with Wellesley, Natick, Marlboro and Hudson.

The material was not quite so good this year as other years, our Captain Westin being ineligible and one or two others not playing. After the first game without a captain, our popular athlete, Put Johnson, was elected to captain it through the rest of the year.

Among the old players to report were Whetton, Jones, Bertch, Wagner, Mathey,

Gross, and Johnson. Among the new candidates were the following: Ladd, Greene, Mulhern, Whelan, Howe, Brailey, and Willgoose. After a few weeks of practice a team was formed under the excellent coaching of Mr. Frost, with the assistance of our popular townsman, Julius Haller, a great baseball enthusiast.

Although we are not expecting to win the Midland League Championship this year, we have a strong nucleus for next year. It seems that the fight for the championship rests between Natick and Hudson.

After all is said and done we have seen some lively games this year, although it is a pity we have only one experienced pitcher to carry us through every game, a task which involves great nervous strain. We hope for better luck in this respect next year.



Student Activity Association

(Continued from page 52)

Section 5. Pupils whose dues are not paid to date shall be barred from participating in or attending free of charge the activities of the Association.

Section 6. All money collected from activities under control of the Association by any person, whomsoever, shall be turned over to the treasurer.

Section 7. The money of the Association shall not be used or expended for any purpose whatsoever without a majority vote of the Student body and approval of the treasurer.

Section 8. No bills shall be contracted by any committee without first being approved by head master.

Section 9. **Advocate** and athletic accounts shall be kept separate from Student Activity Fund, but the Student Activity Association will turn over to these bodies an amount equal to what would have been collected by tickets or subscription. This shall not apply to **Advocate** Fund for year ending June, 1923.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1. There shall be as many standing committees to represent the activities of the student body, as the officers together with the faculty advisor may approve.

ARTICLE V

Section 1. All meetings shall be conducted by the rules of parliamentary law.

ARTICLE VI

These By-Laws may be amended by a majority vote of the members of the Association present at the annual meeting or at any other meeting called for that purpose.

And these By-Laws shall be amended in fall of 1923, in order to carry out work for year.

These were submitted to the student body and approved by it. The plan has proved successful in all ways. This season the Association has provided for three activities: class dues, free baseball tickets for all home games, and a dance. The Association provided these free tickets to all members whose dues were paid up to date. Next year it is expected that the Association will be able to make the payments on several of the school activities. There are about two hundred and twenty members this spring.

EXCHANGE

THE ADVOCATE

D.M.B+475-24.

Our Opinion

The Spice Box, Avon High School, Avon, Mass.

An admirable little magazine. More stories would make it ideal.

Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

It is well nigh useless to attempt to find any derogatory criticism of your magazine; it is so complete in every respect.

The Red and White, Sanford High School, Sanford, Me.

We enjoy reading the detailed reports of your athletic contests. A table of contents, we believe, would add so much to the beauty of the magazine.

The Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

"Winks from the Wise" is an enjoyable column. We are always pleased on receiving your magazine because we know that some delightful reading awaits us.

The High School Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Contains many good stories and athletic accounts but care should be taken that the other departments do not suffer.

The Arguenot, Norwood High School, Norwood, Mass.

The "Foreign Language Department" of your magazine meets with our sincere approval. We intend to have something of a like nature in our magazine in the near future.

The Red and Gray, Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass. We appreciate the many new features which you have incorporated in the latest issue of the *Red and Gray*, especially the cartoons.

The Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.

A high standard magazine. However, longer stories would aid in making your magazine a model one.

The Roman, Rome High School, Rome Ga.

The editorials are positively professional in the masterly manner in which they are written. In truth, every department is complete and exceptionally well developed. Your magazine is one which we would term a classic.

The Argus, Hunter College High School, New York, N. Y.

What a wondrously large magazine! Everything about it is splendid.

The Pattersonian, Mt. Joy High School, Mt. Joy, Pa.

You edit a newsy little magazine. You feature a most extensive alumni department.

The Clipper, Monmouth High School, Monmouth, Ill.

You evidently possess considerable artistic ability at Monmouth High judging from the many clever illustrations in your magazine. Why not print a few interesting stories?

The Brewster, Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

This little book is constantly improving and we note with pleasure the many fine stories contained in your recent number. "The Thurrell Mystery" is worthy of especial mention.

The Voice, Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

You could improve on your joke column and thereby make this magazine one of inestimable value.

The Burdett Lion, Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

We were glad to receive a copy of your paper. It is as neat and well developed, (save for the omission of a few stories), as one would wish.

The Morristonian, Morristown High School, Morristown, N. J.

The issues of the *Morristonian* have been, if such a thing were possible, more than extensive in their scope. Your magazine stands in the front ranks of the many magazines we receive.

The Echo, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Every column of your paper is a revelation. It is a pity that no stories are included in the pages.

The Gleaner, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

Like a number of other magazines we have perused, your magazine does not contain enough fiction. This fault remedied, and the *Gleaner* will win many more friends.

The Colby Voice, Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

The jokes are good but we failed to encounter anything which resembled a story in your magazine.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.

Knowing how energetic your students are where sports are concerned we believe that a more representative magazine should be edited by your school containing more stories.

Daisy Chain, Waco High School, Waco, Texas.

A very enterprising paper; your humor department is "right there." We like to hear from the distant ones.

The Brewster, Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

A fine, all-round paper. You might enlarge it and get some artists at work on cartoons, though.

Peters Piper, Peters High School, Southboro, Mass.

Your February issue is truly remarkable. When one considers that you have not published a paper before it seems impossible. You handle it like old-timers.

The Owl, Bryant High School, Long Island City, N. Y.

A very pleasing paper. You have some very remarkable artists and poets in your school.

Red and Gray, Lynn High School, Lynn, Mass.

A very pleasing paper. Your literary department is very well supplied. Mr. Powell is destined to become a great artist.

The Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

A paper very worthy of praise with the exception, perhaps, of your title headings. Couldn't someone in your school draw some?

Philomath, Framingham High School, Framingham, Mass.

Your paper is very amusing and "newsy." You have some very original and well designed headings.

The Voice of South High, Youngstown, Ohio.

Another one from far away! The more the merrier. Your publication is quite an institution, judging by the size of the magazine. Some "voice" your school has!

The Mirror, Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.

Why not enlarge your paper and build up your exchange department so that you can help or flatter your brother papers?

Nobleman, Noble and Greenough School, Inc., Dedham, Mass.

A well-toned magazine of high quality, but doesn't any fellow in your school ever crack a joke?



Opinions on Our Magazine

The Morristonian, Morristown School, Morristown, N.J.

The literary department is especially good with its large assortment of poems and short stories. "Leave it to Jimmy" and "O, Cruel Fate" were particularly interesting. The paper, besides being artistically set up, is very well balanced and the exchange department is exceptionally well developed. Ergo, from cover to cover the students of the Needham High School have a paper to be proud of.

The Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.

The idea of dedicating a number is very original. We admire your literature and poetry. Would not a few department headings put the finishing touches on your otherwise remarkable publication?

The Red and Gray, Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass.

I perused the pages eagerly. Splendid! Splendid! A magazine to be proud of. Your literary work is fine. The story "Stung" is most enjoyable. Every department is well planned.

The Clipper, Monmouth High School, Monmouth, Ill.

One of the largest and best magazines received.

The Burdett Lion, Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

The simplicity and distinctiveness of your cover indicated something distinctive inside, and we weren't disappointed. Yours is a remarkably fine magazine in both quan-

tity and quality, and your cartoon, "A Week in the Assembly Hall," is surely clever and original.

The Echo, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

There are some great stories in your Christmas number. Your parodies are all clever and your sports and exchanges well written. Your cuts are good and add to your magazine.

The Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

You must be people of a literary trend of mind indeed, judging by the literary work in your magazine. Your magazine is worth re-reading any time.

The Pattersonian, Mt. Joy High School, Mt. Joy, Pa.

You are a fine magazine but why not come oftener?

The Argus, Hunter College High School, New York, N. Y.

A splendid Magazine! You have excellent literary material, exceptionally well arranged. It certainly is a good business policy to have your jokes unexpectedly popping up amidst the ads — for the number of which accept our heartiest congratulations!

The Roman, Rome High School, Rome, Ga.

Some more magazine! Your literary department is very good indeed; the idea of having plays in the book is original and unusual.

Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

Needham High School presents **The Advocate**. **The Advocate** is one of our best exchanges, a praiseworthy magazine from cover to cover.

The Spice Box, Avon High School, Avon, Mass.

A magazine any school should be proud of. Your departments are excellent.



Senior classes need no longer worry over the choice of an appropriate class gift. We offer the following useful suggestions which we are sure will prove popular with both the student body and faculty:

- Roof garden.
- Movies for study pupils.
- Palm garden.
- Tea room.
- Soda fountain on first floor.
- A mirror for every locker.
- Elevators for third floor pupils.

"My brother takes up Spanish, French, Hebrew, German, Italian and Scotch."

"Goodness, what does he study?"

"He doesn't study anything. He runs an elevator."

"You kept the car out rather late last night, son. What delayed you?"

"Had a blow-out, Dad."

"H-m — Tire or roadhouse?"

"Try a sample of the stuff before you buy it," hissed the bootlegger.

"But will I live to make the purchase?"

"If you don't it's my loss, aint it?"

Prison Visitor (sympathetically): "Now my good man, what brought you here?"

Convict: "Mistaken confidence."

Prison Visitor: "Really, in whom were you deceived?"

Convict: "In myself—I thought I could run faster."

Ikey: "You are advertising a fire sale. Where was the fire?"

Izzy: "Right here in this store. I fired two salesmen last week."

He (at a baseball game): "Hooray! We've got a man on every base."

She: "Well so have they."

He: "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

She: "I didn't receive it."

He: "You didn't?"

She: "No, and besides I didn't like some of the things you said in it."

"It makes me shiver every time I look at my test paper."

"How come?"

"It's so close to zero."

"What have you been doing all summer?"

"I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

"I wasn't working either." — *Frivol.*

William: "Rastus, weren't you glad to get your freedom after the civil War?"

Rastus: "Ah didn't get no freedom. Ah done got married."

Mike: "How many hairs on a monkey's face?"

Ike: "I don't know."

Mike: "Well, next time you shave yourself count them."

"Some of the things said over the wire are not fit for me to hear," said the operator to the lineman who was making repairs.

"Aw," declared the lineman, "You can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked."

Mrs.: "When I die, you'll never find another woman like me."

Mr.: "Well you can take it from me, I'm not going to try."

BORROWED

A. "Look, Pete, a new golf ball I found, lost on the links."

B. "Are you sure it was lost?"

A. "Sure, I saw the feller looking for it."

Girl: "Can you give me a couple of rooms?"

Hotel Clerk: "Yes; Suite 1."

Girl: "Sir!"

IN STOCK

Customer: "I would like to see some cheap skates."

Clerk: "Just a minute; I'll call the boss."

Jack: "Do you want a nut sundae?"

Mary: "Thanks, I always have a date Sunday."

CERTAINLY

He: "Girls are better looking than men."

She: "Why, naturally."

He: "No, artificially."

THE LID WAS OFF

She: "You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"

He: "No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

SAMBO

Captain: "If anything moves, shoot!"

Sentry: "Yessah, an' if anything shoots, Ah moves!"

Customer: "Are you sure this century plant will bloom in one hundred years?"

Florist: "Positive! If it doesn't, bring it back."

Lieutenant: "Whoinell put these flowers on this table?"

Sergeant: "The commanding officer, Sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty flowers, aren't they?"

Absent-Minded Professor (meeting son): "Hello, George! How's your father?"

Stranger: "Needham is a healthy place, I suppose?"

Native: "Sure. When I came here, I was too weak to walk."

Stranger: "Really?"

Native: "Yes, I was born here."

"I feel sort of down in the mouth," said the worm as he slipped down the bird's throat.

Highwayman: "Your money or I'll shoot!"

Traveler: "Shoot, please! I wear Paris garters; no metal can touch me."—*Ex.*

Worms

By E. WILLIAMS GOURD, '24

Worms are funny animals
That crawl upon the ground;
Some are long and skinny,
And others, short and round,

Some kinds haven't any legs,
And none have any arms.
Some of them can live on dirt,
And some, on fruit from farms.

There are fuzzy worms and funny worms
That double up to crawl;
And worms that slip across the grounds,
In the "caterpillars' fall".

Minister: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Little Boy: "Yes, sir, but I ain't going to give them away."

Teacher: "Will somebody give me a sentence?"

Bright Youth: "Thirty days."

A brave man had just saved a little Jewish boy from drowning when a stranger tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my little son Ikey's life?"

"Yes," answered the tired hero.

"Then," said the father indignantly, "Vere's his hat?"

The lawyers had summed up their arguments before noon, and the case had been left with the jury. Eleven of the twelve decided on a not-guilty verdict. The twelfth, however, stood out for a guilty verdict. The afternoon passed, the next morning also, and still he remained obstinate.

The foreman went to order the dinner. "Twelve?" asked the officer at the door, carelessly.

"No," said the jury foreman, "Eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

"My good man, you had better take the trolley car home."

Home Brew: "Sh no use! My wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

THEN THE STORM BROKE

Hostess: "It looks like a storm; you had better stay for dinner."

Jackson: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."

ALL WRONG

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$14 a ton and you pay the dealer \$65, how many tons will he bring you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'am," said Johnny, promptly. "Why, Johnny, that's not right," said the teacher. "No, ma'am, I know it ain't right," said Johnny, "but they all do it."

HANDS TO HOLD

Mrs. Henpeck (sarcastically): "I s'pose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his hand all evening!"

Mr. Henpeck (sadly): "If I'd been holding *his* hand, I'd have made some money!"

Fair One (watching pole vault): "Just think how much higher he could go if he didn't have to carry that stiek."

Johnny: "Say, Bill, what's your idea of a great man?"

Bill: "I'm willing to give you an interview but I haven't time for a biography."

Customer (inquiring of pretty waitress in a restaurant): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress: "Sit down. We serve anybody here."

Quite matchless are her dark brown iiiiii,
She talks with utmost eeeee,
But when I tell her she is yyyyy,
She says I am a ttttt.

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man with great enthusiasm, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

Dumb One (to telephone operator after searching floor of the pay station): "No madam, I didn't drop a nickel."

Poultry Professor (to the class): "How is the quickest way to kill a hen?"

Class: "Hatchet."

Professor: "I said kill it, not raise it."

Class: "Well."

Professor: "I didn't say to drown it."

Class: "We give up."

Judge: "Now I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus."

Rufus: "Why Judge, am you going to resign you job?"

Mike: "Why do false eyes be made of glass?"

Pat: "Sure, and how could they see through them, if they wasn't."

"How is it, boy," said an English gentleman, "that I have a fine dog and yet I can't make him do half the tricks that you can make your mongrel do?"

"Well," said the boy, "you've gotta have more brains than the dog."

ANTICIPATION

Fifty: "Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"

Twenty: "Yes, all of it."

Judge (to prisoner): "When were you born?" (No reply.) "Say there, when is your birthday?"

Prisoner (sullenly): "Wot do you care, you ain't going to give me nothing."

Smith (to Brown): "Say, Caruso had a good voice, but yours is better still."

Father (to son after looking over his report): "When George Washington was your age, he was at the head of his class."

Son: "Yes, and when he was your age, he was President of the United States."

Would-be-Actor: "Did you see me in that new play, last night?"

Critic: "Yes."

Would-be: "What did you think of my death scene in the last act?"

Critic: "It was all right, but —"

Would-be: "But what?"

Critic: "It should have occurred early in the first act."

SEE?

Overhead expense — hairnets.

Upkeep — belts.

Improvement taxes — powder, rouge, etc.

Internal revenue — malted milk.

Protective tariff — cold cream.

ABOUT RIGHT

Sign in a small bakery: "Please do not handle the bread as it is not sanitary."

TRY THIS ONE

A new song entitled: "A bank should be cleaned by the janitor and not by the cashier."

SHAKESPEARE

Another new one entitled: "I named my baby Macbeth, for he hath murdered sleep."

There is one honest brokerage house. It advertises: "Let us place your name on our wailing list."

The Pitiful Tale of Silas McGoon

By PRISCILLA PACKARD, '24

Silas McGoon was a thrifty soul
Who treasured each penny with care,
So, whenever he could, he didn't pay toll
When he crossed the bridge at Ware.

Somehow he often got by on the sly,
Risking his life by a hair,
But saving a nickel or two thereby
When he crossed the bridge at Ware.

The night was chilly and heavy with mist
When Silas returned from the fair.
Five hundred dollars he clutched in one fist,
The price of his old gray mare.

In the other hand just one nickel lay,
The toll that Ware demands,
So, though he knew that his trousers would pay,
He fell on his knees and hands.

He crept one half of the bridge across,
Looking down at the river wide,
When the silence was suddenly broken by "Splosh!"
Five hundred lay in the tide.

He rose and swore at the misty night
And tore his scant gray hair,
His luck had certainly suffered a blight,
How he longed for the old gray mare!

Said he, "I've my nickel safe and whole,
But I've lost five hundred fair,
So now I'll certainly always pay toll
When I cross the bridge at Ware."

Englishman (at club): "You think we English have no sense of humor. But we can appreciate a joke even if it's on ourselves. Now, I can realize what a jolly well foolish thing I did yesterday. I was out fishing in a boat on the lake, and I caught a surprisingly large number of the finest fish I ever saw. I wanted to come today again and fish over the very spot, but not seeing a tree at shore or any other landmark, I cut a niche in the boat over the very spot where I had caught the fish." Everyone roared. "Yes," beamed the Englishman, "Wasn't it funny? Today I couldn't get the same boat!"

My Garden

E. WILLIAM GOURD, '24

I looked about my garden plot,
In my throat I felt a lump,
For once it was a pretty spot,
But now it is a dump.

The place where my potatoes grew
Is filled with broken glass.
My front yard and my back yard, too,
Have not a blade of grass.

My pretty posies bloom no more;
Their bed is filled with ashes,
And near by lie a broken door
And broken window sashes.

A colored gentleman walked into a store the other day and laid a ham upon the counter. "This ham was bad, suh," he said to the storekeeper.

"Bad? Bad?" replied the other. "This ham couldn't be bad! Why, it was cured last week!"

"Well, I dunno," replied the darkey, "but mebbe it had a relapse."

"Fools," said the professor to the student who had asked a catch question, "can ask questions a wise man can't answer."

"Is that the reason," asked the student in the back seat, "that I flunked last term in this subject?"

First Stude: "Let's cut chapel and get some breakfast."

Second Ditto: "Naw—better service in chapel." — *Record.*

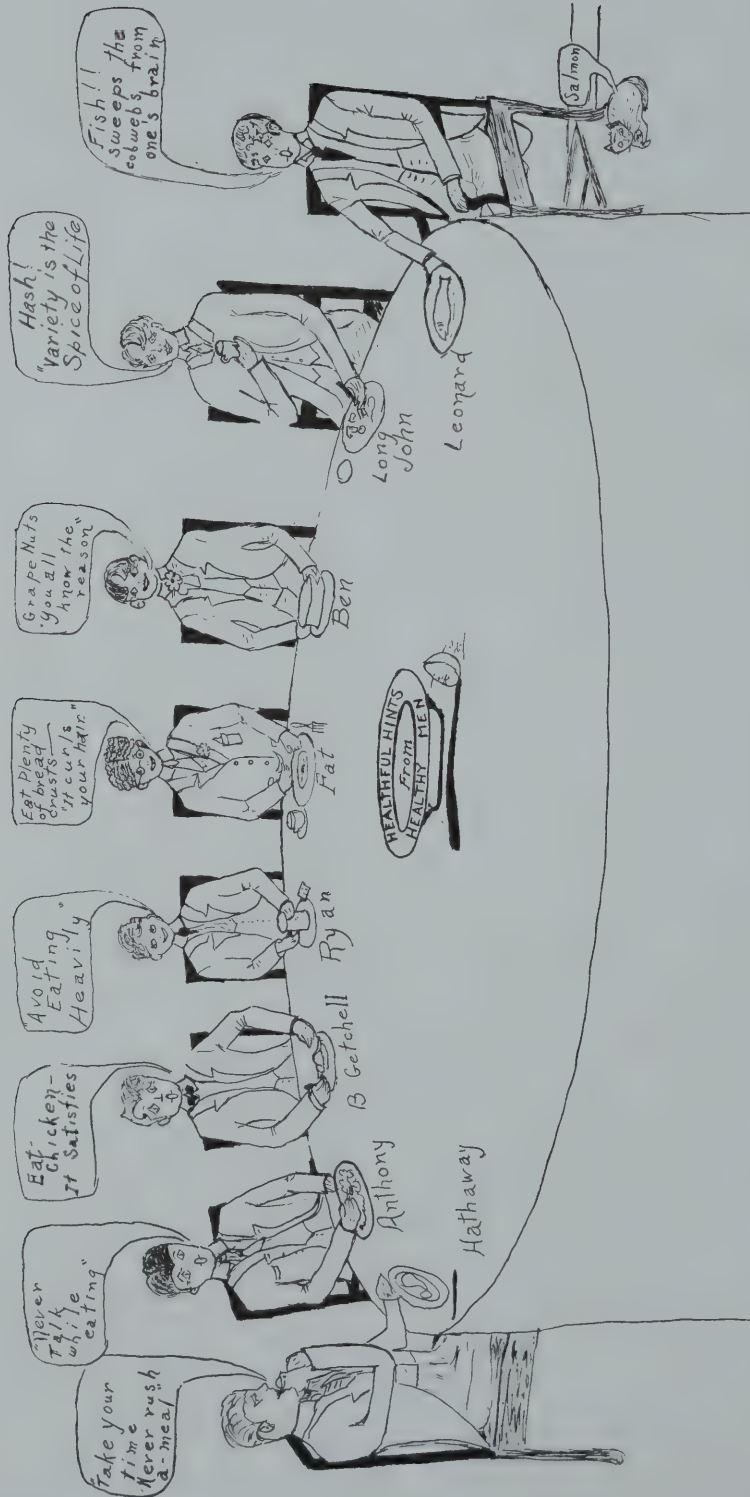
"Rastus, were you raised in the South?"
"Yes, ma'am, but de rope broke."

— *Voo Doo.*

"Do you like girls with brown eyes?"
"No, I like girls with green backs."

— *Black and Blue Jay.*

The lawyer's god — Allah-Bi.



Through the Day with Room 5, Sophomores

By SAMUEL LADD, '25

In 8 scenes. All scenes in Needham High School, in the various rooms and classes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. Frost, Home room teacher.
Mr. Campbell, Principal.
Miss Churchill, English teacher.
Miss Currie, Latin teacher.
Miss Springfield, French teacher.
Various students.

Scene I, Room 5—Mr. Frost speaking:
"Gaughan, who sits in front of you?"

"Oh! I know, he is in the orchestra."

"All right boys you're late, I am sorry but you will have to get your excuses; no, there is the bell now. You may pass to the assembly hall."

Scene II, Assembly Hall—The opening exercises are soon finished and Mr. Campbell is speaking: "You must all have selected your courses by tomorrow, for the following year. Anyone in the rear of the room who cannot hear me, raise his hand. Pass!"

Heard in passing.

Humble Sophomore: "Oh! gee I can't adjust my curriculum."

Wise Senior: "Oh, that's all right. It doesn't show any!"

Scene III, Helpful Hints How to Study (?)—Study period, but that doesn't mean anything, don't study if you can help it, sit and talk with someone, waste your time some way.

Scene IV, Room "Fore"—English.

Teacher to Student: "How would you begin a theme?"

Student: "Begin at the beginning."

Teacher: "All right, Fuller give your poem."

Student: "The modest peanut sat on the track

His heart was all a flutter
The 5.25 came rushing by
Presto! Peanut Butter."

Teacher: "Fine! How would you use the word gruesome?"

Student: "Johnny ate some apples and he grew some."

Teacher: "Three pages in advance for tomorrow."

Scene V, Geometry, Room 2—*Teacher*: "John, what is Plain Geometry?"

John: "Simple, easy."

Teacher: "What is a circle?"

Student: "A circle is a round, straight line with a hole in the middle, isn't it?"

Teacher: "Yes, but that's not what we want, I——Here, what is all that noise in the back of the room?"

Student: "Excuse me sir! I just dropped a perpendicular."

One Student to another: "Say do you understand this theorem?"

2nd Student: "No."

1st Student: "So do I."

Teacher: "You may take two theorems in advance for Monday."

Scene VI, Latin, Room 4—*Teacher*: "Will you please put the sixth sentence on the board?"

Student: "Well I haven't quite finished that one yet."

Teacher: "How many have you done?"

Pupil: (hopefully) "I have almost finished the first."

Student to another pupil: "Have you heard Henry's new name?"

The Advocate

2nd Pupil: "No! What is it?"

1st Pupil: "Jockey."

2nd Pupil: "Why that name?"

1st Student: "Oh! He rides through 'Caesar' on a pony."

Scene VII, French, Room 2—Translating:

"Paris est une grande ville."

Pupil: "Paris is one grand city."

"Ce garçon est plus jeune que celui."

"That boy is yellower than that one."

Teacher: "You must get all these facts in your head then you will have them in a nutshell." (nuf sed)

Teacher: "You may now pass in your sheets."

Student to person in front: "Gee I left mine at home on the bed."

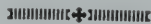
Teacher: "Take two pages in advance for tomorrow."

Scene VIII, Home Room once more.

Mr. Frost: "Now don't forget to bring your dime tomorrow, and don't forget the game Saturday."

"The first row may go! All except John. Second row, etc."

It's a great life if you don't weaken but one usually does at this time of the year.



Poem

By WILLIAM GOURD, '24

There was a man lived on my street
Who didn't have a cent.
In fact, he was so very poor,
He couldn't pay the rent.

He had no place to eat and sleep,
And so he threw a pail
Of coal dust at a stately cop.
Now he resides in jail.

He has his one compartment small,
And plenty of food to eat.
And sleeps on a comfortable canvas cot,
Instead of in the street.

The moral of my story here
Is very soon expressed:
"There's a crooked path out of each tight place,
When you've honestly tried all the rest."



OH, YOU SUCKER

So you sent 25 cents for that advertised
appliance to keep your gas bills down. What
did they send you?

A paper weight.

EASY

"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent in an anonymous check."

—*Lampoon.*

Advertiso

(With apologies to Hiawatha)

By the shores of Cuticura,
By the Man-a-cean-water,
Lived the prophylactic Chiclet,
Danderine, the Helmar's daughter.

She was loved by Klaxon Postum,
Son of Sunkist and Victrola,
Heir-apparent to the Mazda
Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.

Through the forest strolled the lovers —
Woods untrod by Anglo-Saxon —
"Lovely, little wrigly Chiclet,"
Were the burning words of Klaxon.

"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Though I know you're still a miss.
Oh, my Prest-o-lite desire,
Let us marry, Timken Djer-kiss."



Woman: "Now, if you don't leave at once
I'll call my husband, and he used to play
football at Harvard."

Tramp: "Lady, if youse love yer husband,
don't; because I used to play wid Yale."

Lieutenant: "Whoinell put these flowers
on this table?"

Sergeant: "The commanding officer, sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty flowers, aren't they?"

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS OF OUR HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS

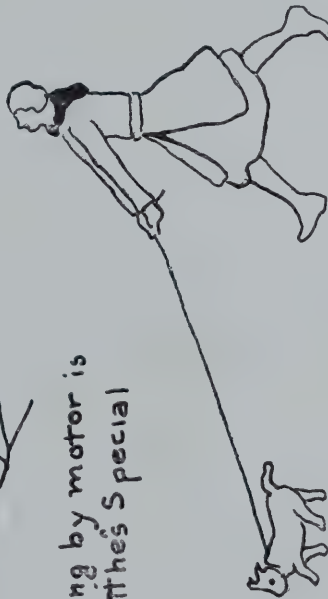
M. R. KROLL P. L. PACKARD



George Hansis is the
hero in this
(Haber) dashing Romance



Touring by motor is
"Petë Matthes' Special"



Well, Harriet, running is good
exercise, anyway.



"Mim" Fowle and her pony.



Slide Rule

Bugs!

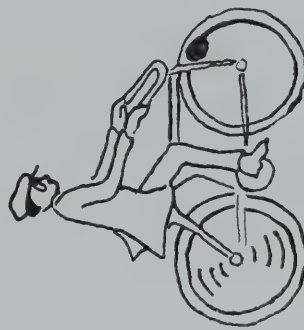


"Fat"-Working!!!

Ruth Pauline is tall and lean
But when she cuts 'em
They are mean.



Numpy looking for the
ear bones of the
proboscis.



Newt Patrolling
Fair Oaks Park

A Needham Pullman

By JOHN T. KENNEY, '23

At eight o'clock last Saturday morning Needham's commuting folk began to arrive at the railroad station in pleasant anticipation of a ride upon the 8.08 train to Needham Junction. Fifteen minutes passed, still the eagerly awaited train did not put in an appearance; people were impatiently pacing the platform while others made conjectures as to what the cause of this delay really was, because a late train was an unknown occurrence in their several memories.

As the unfortunate business men and women, and the unlucky students were brooding over their fate, a joyous shout suddenly rose from those gathered at the other extremity of the platform.

"The train's coming! The train's coming! Here comes the engineer's dog up the track."

To be sure, hardly had these words been spoken than a quarter of a mile down the track, proceeding at a snail's pace the Morning Express from Needham Heights could be seen.

A half hour later it crawled, a relic of an age ago, wheezing and gasping to a standstill, leaning wearily against the station platform for support. Every spark of life had apparently forsaken this pitiful mass of miscellaneous junk which once passed for a first class steam locomotive. At present it resembled some hideous, one-eyed monster which, sick at heart and disgusted with the way it had been behaving as well as cognizant of the fact that its period of usefulness on this earth was over, simply sidled painfully up beside a tree and died.

Nothing daunted, however, our friends, the commuters, clambered aboard the dusty and grime filled coaches, of which there were two in number, resolved to take this one chance in a hundred of eventually reaching the Junction.

At this time, to his consternation, the fireman made the discovery that the coal bunker was empty, but he was not non-

plussed for he yelled to Homer Eliot, who was crossing the railroad tracks pushing an empty wheelbarrow (what Homer was doing with the wheelbarrow is a mystery unsolved to this day), to run to the coalyard and fetch some coal. This Homer did, only after the fireman had promised he would allow Homer to shovel it into the firebox of the engine.

When at last all preparations had been made and after the station agent had informed the engineer that there was a clear track ahead (though this would not serve as an excuse for any attempts to break a record, not mentioning which record), the locomotive, cajoled into making a supreme effort, started forward with a series of jolts which raised havoc with the passengers' false teeth and appetites.

As luck would have it the conductor saw one of his best friends running through the square frantically motioning for the train to wait. The conductor forthwith pulled the stop signal causing the train to literally tie itself into a knot in endeavoring to stop, and to cap it all, the momentum had been so great and the brakes had been applied so violently that the entire fire in the firebox of the engine had been dumped upon the sleepers, which at once became ignited. Officer Bliss, on duty in the square, promptly pulled in an alarm and Combination 1 responded, followed closely by Ladder 1.

Great difficulty was experienced in rescuing the passengers as it was necessary to raise ladders to the windows of the coaches where many of the women had become hysterical and had threatened to jump. The Society of Vigilant Women rendered invaluable assistance, providing cold coffee and hard boiled eggs to the bystanders.

Although a stubborn blaze, in a comparatively short time it was extinguished, but not before three railroad ties aggregating in value thirty-five dollars were a total loss to the railroad company.

Following the fire it was agreed among the train crew that it would be useless to continue the journey in view of the fact that all the passengers had returned to their respective homes, so the town tractor was pressed into service and the Morning Express was towed back to the train shed.

La Fin.



Freshman Corner

Little grains of greenness,
Little grains of sass,
Little grains of dumbness,
Compose the Freshman Class.—*Ex.*



Teacher: "How much are twelve and twelve, John?"

Frosh: "Twenty-four."

Teacher: "Good!"

Frosh: "Good! That's darn near perfect!"



Soph: "I can tell how much water goes over Niagara Falls to the quart."

Fresh: "How much?"

Soph: "Two pints."



Freshman: "There must have been some paper shortage a few centuries ago."

Upper-classman: "Why?"

Freshman: "Why, didn't you know, Keats wrote an 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'."



Senior: "Do you know the difference between a doughnut and an elephant?"

Fresh: "No."

Senior: "You'd be a nice one to send after doughnuts."

1st Freshman: "Did you know there was an accident today?"

2nd ditto: "Really?"

1st ditto: "Yes, a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."



A CORRECTION

Freshman: "Was Rome founded by Romeo?"

Teacher: "No, it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."



Safety First

He cut his hand, a little thing,
He hardly felt the sting;
He could not stop for iodine;
So, five weeks in a sling.

He ran a splinter in his knee,
Why, what is that I beg?
He could not stop to fool with that;
So Doc. cut off his leg.

He got a cinder in his eye,
Removed it with a knife.
He goes around half-blinded now.
He's glad they saved his life.

He grabbed a piece of foreign wire
In a very careless way.
The flowers were very pretty
At his funeral, they say.—*Anonymous.*



"What do you think of the Turkish atrocities?"

"I don't know. I never smoked any."



Brown: "I wish I could get away from this office for a while!"

White: "Hit the boss for a fifty-dollar raise."



Expert Accountant: "Before I give you an analysis of your books, I must know one thing."

Manufacturer: "What is that?"

E. A.: "Are you making a statement for the government or are you floating a new stock issue?"

Meeting a Spook Face to Face

By BASSFORD GETCHELL, '23

Not many people have had the experience of meeting a spook face to face; that is, a real, honest-to-goodness, bona fide spook. One thing that makes this occurrence very uncommon is the fact that very few spooks have a face.

This is astounding but the absolute truth. In all my experience with spooks, I don't remember seeing one's face. They have eyes, nose, mouth, cheeks and forehead but no face. How this can be possible I don't know. It is a ridiculous thing to think about.

But even if you should meet one with a face, which is very unlikely from the nature of things, be careful to do the right thing or something serious would be sure to result. Do not turn around and run away shrieking. That would be very unwise, as a spook can move faster than any person. Besides, you might fall down and hurt yourself, especially in the dark, and then where would you be?

Avoid sudden or violent motions. They would only excite the spook. Do not under any circumstances get excited, for that is the worst thing possible. Keep cool! If possible, engage it in conversation. If you feel nervous or unstrung and your knees bump together, murmur in a low, even tone, "I am calm, I am calm." If you still have an uneasy feeling and the spook isn't conversationally inclined, suddenly thrust your head forward and say, "BOO," with a sharp decisive enunciation. According to all the authorities the spook will then vanish into thin air and leave you with a feeling of loneliness. Only resort to this last measure in extreme cases.

MIXED RELATIONS

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And spoke in accents pained,
As they watched the milkman filter the milk,
"Our relations are getting strained."

A Fable in Slang

(With apologies to George Ade)

By REGINALD GULLIVER, '24

Once there was a rubicund son of the soil, back in the tall timber, who became crazed with the desire to see the Great White Way.

One morning, he took his bandana, wrapped it around a few odds and ends, received a benediction from his Ma and Pa, and took the highway to the white lights of Broadway.

Upon arriving in the land of high hopes and despairs, however, some confidence men became enamored with the long green our hero displayed, and detached it from him with speed and celerity.

After this episode, the innocent abroad sat down on a park bench, and mourned for the days he had spent with the old oaken bucket. A squirrel came up to him and said, "If it wasn't for your species, we squirrels would starve. Go back to the big sticks and become a living picture of the man with the hoe."

Our hero followed the squirrel's advice, and lived happily ever after.

Moral: When you get what you want, you don't want it.



Aedificium Scientiae Nostrum

By JOHN GREENE, '25


Now in this good old town of ours
There stands a school with stately towers
Upon the roof, and on the ground
Many flower beds are strewn around.

Oh, who could have the cruel heart
To superintend or even start
To tear down this old high school dear
E'en though our needs for new are near.

Let stand this haven of our knowledge
Until we are attending college
That we may know what good it does
To be far away from noise and buzz.

We would that it could always stand
To bring sweet mem'ries to our band
Of students, faithful one and all.
Live on, thou memorable hall!

To Our Advertisers:

E wish to take this opportunity to thank our advertisers for their staunch financial aid, without which this issue of *The Advocate* would have been impossible.

BARRETT G. GETCHELL

Business Manager.

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Willet & Chadwick

Mr. Frost at 12.08 (lecturing on mob psychology): "You're not hungry class!"

"Yes we are!" (Groans of anguish.)

Mr. Frost: "See how quickly you responded. All I have to do is touch upon the heart-strings!" (Reflecting) "But I guess that was a different chord!"



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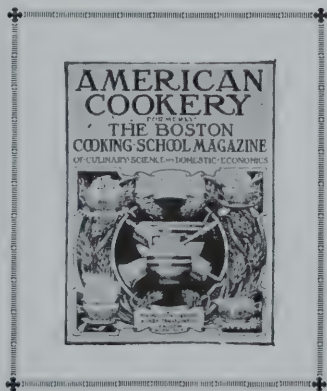
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Caesar: "Et tu, Brute."

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Mr. S—"Well, what do you want?"

Professor: "I want to marry her."

Mr. S—"I thought maybe you wanted a pension."

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We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from morn till dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.

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swallowed a penny. What on earth shall
I do?"

Mr. Stingy: "Oh, well, let him have
it, next Thursday is his birthday, any-
way."

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Sailor: "We have just seen some orange peel and banana skins floating on the starboard, sir."

Columbus: "Was there any chewing gum?"

Sailor: "No, sir."

Columbus: "Then it must be the West Indies we're coming to, and I'd hoped it was going to be America."

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"I use no trunks," the salesman replied.

"Oh, I thought you wuz one these traveling salesmen gentlemen," said the porter.

"I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains!"

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But now the times have changed somewhat
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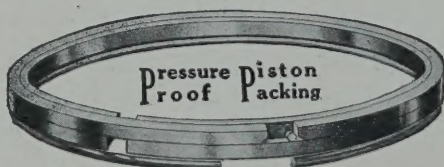
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